Merry Christmas

THE NEW CANADIAN

An Independent Organ for Canadians of Japanese Origin

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A Letter From the Editor

"...rs are not reasonable people; ...hreaten and they bite, they brow-... and they whimper. sometimes i do ... think they are human beings. . ."

... plaintive lines are voiced by ... our contributors, Ken Adachi by Editors, I would say, especially ...itors, are not responsible for how ... at this time of year, when tra... dictates that they must put to... the annual Christmas Issue. W...g night and day against time is ... conducive to rational thinking. ... contributors must be brow-beaten. ...thanks, many thanks, to all our c...ibutors, those appearing in these p...s, and those who will appear in ...quent issues due to lack of space. And thanks to our advertisers, who help k... this thing going. It's been fun, though nerve-racking, and quite an experience.

To continue the above quote re editors, ... and worst of all, they always want articles with a christmas-sy theme; when I would rather pick a little nothing and make a big nothing out of it." Looking over this year's special, we discovered that not a one of our writers has written on a Christmas-sy theme.

So here it is, the 19th annual Christmas Issue. We hope you'll like it. And here is a table of contents of some of the writings:

SECTION I:

Les Girls . . . Japonaise, by Frank Moritsugu. A look through his little black black book for notes on the women who have passed before his critical eyes this past year.

A Memorable Canadian, by Kay Shimizu. A personal reminiscence of J. S. Woodsworth, founder of the CCF party.

How to be a Romantic, by Ken Adachi, our avant-garde writer. Gives the low-down on the latest fashion in his allotted space.

Introducing the Nisei Flyers, by Eddie Hisaki. A rogues' gallery of the champs of the East Toronto Hockey League.

SECTION II: (misnumbered III; encourages readers to think)

Don't You Dare! by Sue Sada. Little Sylvester runs rampant through a number of pages, asking uncomfortable questions.

The Literary Contest. A varied selection of writings (see Judges' Comments). Fifty dollars in prizes has been awarded. Encouraging number of entries, but we hope to see more next year.

SECTION III: (the real one)

Rice, written and grown by Teizo Nakashima. A story of growing pains.

Uses and Abuses of the JC Newspaper, by Yosh Taguchi. Wants more scandal.

Crow Creek Settlement, by Michi Ide. Mourns the passing of the northern hamlet.

Memories of Japan, by Dr. C. J. L. Bates. Looks back half-a-century to his days in Japan.

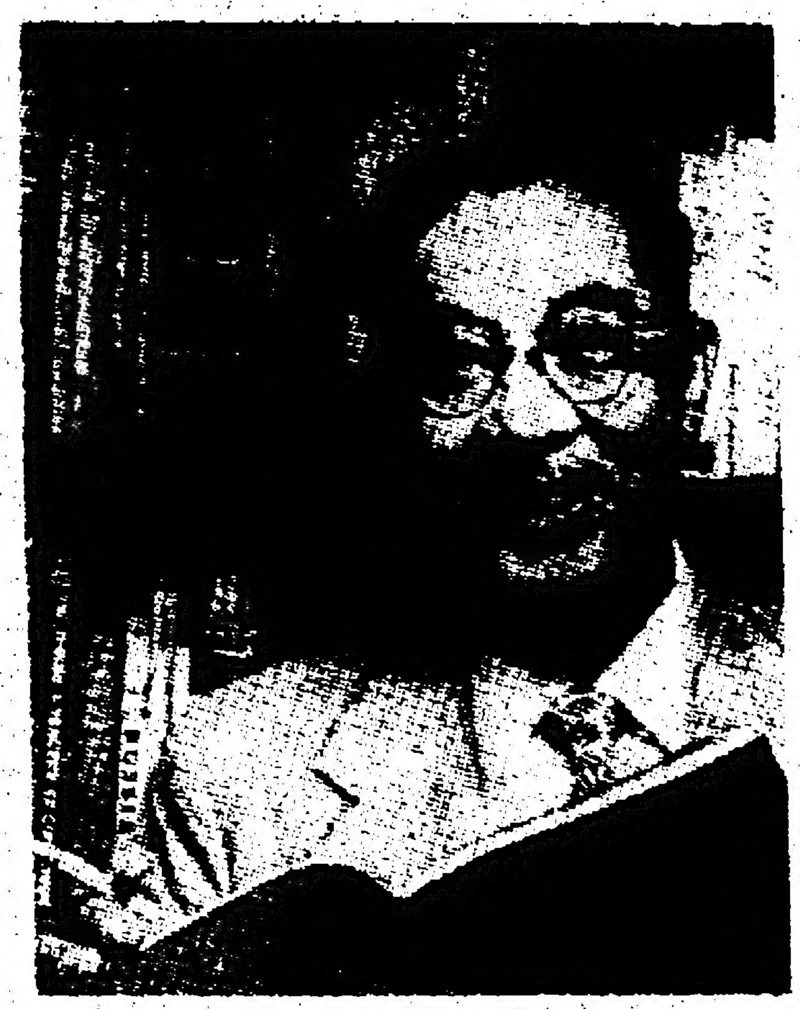
'Depahtos Offer Drama', by Lucy Ikata. Tips to tourists on shopping in Tokyo.

Ivory Tower, U.S.A., by Mike Hoshiko. College life in the States from a teacher's point of view.

And that's it, not to mention T. Fujino's "Poses', for people who hate poetry, to be read while listening to the record, Classics, for people who hate classics", and the Japanese section.

Merry Christmas and a' that to all our readers, and others, too, from T. Umezuki and Ken Mori of the Nihongo department, from Hank Moritsugu who helped ward off utter chaos in this issue, from Shirley Kitagawa who took care of the odds and ends, from Kiyoshi Koyabu and Larry Yamada of the composing room, and yours truly who will now join Santa in a snooze.





Dr. S. I. Hayakawa

● On the Newsfront

JC Seriously Injured

Seriously injured in a rush-hour traffic accident last Friday night was Mrs. Terry Okahara of Etobicoke. She was rushed to St. Joseph's hospital for operations on neck and skull fractures after being hit by a street-car. She is reported to be in critical condition.

Tateishi Story in Maclean's

The success story of Art Tateishi of Seabreeze Manufacturing is a feature of the Jan. 4 issue of Maclean's magazine, on the newsstands this week.

In "How I Became an Equal," Tateishi begins his story from youthful dreams on Vancouver Island and his first radio shop at Steveston. A period in the bush at Jackfish, Ont., was the aftermath of Pearl Harbor, but the postwar era saw the rise of his present success. Tateishi's ideas were prominent in the development of the automatic record changers used in many phonographs today.

Remember the Stork Derby!

January 2, 1958, will be the first birthday of Brian M. Wakita of Kitimat, B.C., which is by way of reminder to one and all that the eighth annual NC Stork Derby is in the offing.

Rules for our first baby contest are that one or both parents must be of Japanese descent and the birth must take place in Canada. Time and date of birth are to be confirmed by the attending physician. All entries must be received by Jan. 15.

New Year's Eve TV Program

Frank Moritsugu will appear in a special New Year's Eve edition of CBC-TV's "Open House" at 4 p.m., Tuesday, Dec. 31. He will make his regular Thursday appearance this week, on Boxing Day.

Next Issue on January 4th

The next seven days offer much-needed breathing space for the NC staff before we return to the regular routine next week with the first issue for 1958 on Saturday, Jan. 4.

Extra copies of this Christmas Issue are available at 25 cents each. New subscribers until the end of January will get one free.

HOW TO TALK SENSE:

Start on common base, work up

An estimated 300 weathered the rain to hear Dr. S. I. Hayakawa give his opinion on **How to Talk Sense last** Friday night at the First Unitarian Church in Toronto. The lecture dealt with success and failure in communications, a branch of the Vancouver-born Nisei's specialized field of general semantics, the study of words.

Human beings, the 51-year-old semanticist asserted, depend upon communication, and to communicate successfully, people must first start with things which can be agreed upon. Such an agreement may be found in those things which can be proven or confirmed independently, or when an acknowledged need must be given immediate attention.

Elaborating first on the progress of communication, he cited three stages: Stage I was the organization of society around a physical thing, such as a building for a meeting place, a symbol of social unity to which that society reacted; Stage II, the organization around verbal things or acknowledgement of a master symbol, such as a common God or ideology; Stage III, the organization of society around shared perceptions, or that which can be proven by a confirmatory action as in science.

This last stage shows the greatest advancement in communication, Dr. Hayakawa said. Science is an intercultural language which may be checked as logical. Shared perception works from the bottom up. Science has a profound sense of responsibility to society and will not go beyond that which can be confirmed.

The master symbol theory, Stage II, works from the top down. Starting with a high abstract symbolism (e.g., because Allah is great), it works down the abstraction ladder to practical everyday behavior (therefore, you must not drink wine), the basis of culture. In this verbal stage, opinions of the outsiders who do not share in the reverence of the master symbol are rejected. For example the semanticist related, "Imagine a Muslim greeting another with 'Allah is great'; the answer would be 'Allah is indeed great', after which normal conversation would follow; but if the other man answered with 'Jesus is my Savior'!" This type of mental block is found also in the salutation, "Heil, Hitler!"

Man is a social animal who tries to maintain communication with everyone. In each of the three stages, man must forego egotistical drives to maintain social structure. When pluralism or respect for each other's cultural differences is deplored, chaos and confusion result.

"With the invention of printing," Dr. Hayakawa stated, "came a great advance in communications when people could interpret things for themselves. Granted, there are many misinterpretations, but they still insist upon their own interpretations. Science cannot go backwards now because of the democratization of knowledge."

For practical purposes, shared perception is a more effective basis.

"When I was in Chicago," Dr. Hayakawa related, "I lived near the University —the South side. Sociologists called it a transitional district—that is, it was on the skids. The people in this district decided to form block organizations to solve common problems, such as poor lighting, hazardous traffic conditions, or improper collection of garbage.

"These organizations were formed on the principle that ideological discussion was to be avoided. They got together only to overcome an acknowledged need —to get rid of the stench of that garbage, whether they were Jews, Catholics, or Negroes. Agreement would be reached irregardless of beliefs or personal prejudices."

Agreement on metaphysics is largely unnecessary, the speaker maintained. There is no irreconcilable difference between science and religion. The moral and ethical insights of the ancients are being restated by science. The ultimate is to wait for the social sciences to confirm the insights of these men. Then they will no longer be held as cultural fetishes, and Christians won't turn against Hindus, etc."

Dr. Hayakawa concluded by comparing the hydrogen bomb to the garbage stench—a non-verbal fact. It makes urgent the seeking of an agreement.

First Snow on Etobicoke Creek . . . —Photo by JACK HEMMY



Christmas and New Year Issue, 1957

THE NEW CANADIAN

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POSES By T. FUJINO
For people who hate poetry...

VANITY

Golly Bob!
Three times already
Three times you've looked
Into this window!
You sure must like
Looking at those nice
Looking jackets and things.
What I mean to say is
Men are vain too,
Aren't they?
Gee Whiz!

* * *

SWOLLEN THINGS

Pregnant women,
Swollen glands,
And
Swollen heads.
Pregnant women have hopes
Of the future.
Swollen glands can be rid
Of by suture.
But
Lord help the man
Who has a swollen head
For he shan't get help
From me or another.

* * *

K-ME

If you
K—nock me
On my head
And
Kick me
On my k—nee,
I don't
Really k—now
What would happenk
To k—me.

YOU ARE WELCOME TO
HAMILTON JCCA
Annual Xmas Dance Party
Music by
FRED PURSER
and the
Washington Boys
FRIDAY, Dec. 27th
9 p.m.—1 a.m.
at the **VENETIAN HALL**
269 John St. North
HAMILTON
Adults: $1.50 ● Students: $1
Dress Optional

Season's Greetings

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—Canadian Pacific Airlines Photo

CHOPSTICKS OR DRUMSTICKS, THAT IS THE QUESTION for two CPA stewardesses from Vancouver. Shirley Shudo, CPA's first JC stewardess, and Rita Hartshorn will celebrate Christmas Day twice this year. Leaving Tokyo on Christmas night, their flight crosses the International dateline; thus landing in Vancouver in time for Christmas Eve. Last year Shirley missed Christmas Day completely when she flew in the opposite direction.

CALENDAR

DECEMBER

24—Toronto. Metro NBC Snowball, Club Kingsway, 9-1.

24—Toronto. Club Phenix's Christmas Dance includes turkey dinner.

27—Hamilton. HJCCA's Annual Xmas Dance Party at Venetian Hall, 269 John St. North from 9 p.m.

28—Toronto. Club Ami Holly & Mistletoe Dance, 8:30, Buddhist Church.

28—Montreal. New Year's Party at Victoria Hall, sponsored by Montreal JC Clubs. Refreshments Cabaret style.

JANUARY 1958

1—Vancouver. B.C.-Van JCCA New Year's Dance, 9-1 at Pender auditorium.

3—Toronto. TJCCA New Year's Dance, UNF Hall, 8:30, $1.

4—Toronto. Bussei New Year's Dance, 8 p.m. Entertainment by Jay-Cats; refreshments; collection.

12—Toronto. Club Phenix presents New Year's Dance from 8-11:30, at Club Harmony Hall, 396 College St.

18—Hamilton. Keiro-kai, 7 p.m., HJCCA and Kyowa-kai.

FEBRUARY

8—Toronto. Glenn Miller Nite, U of T Nisei Students Club.

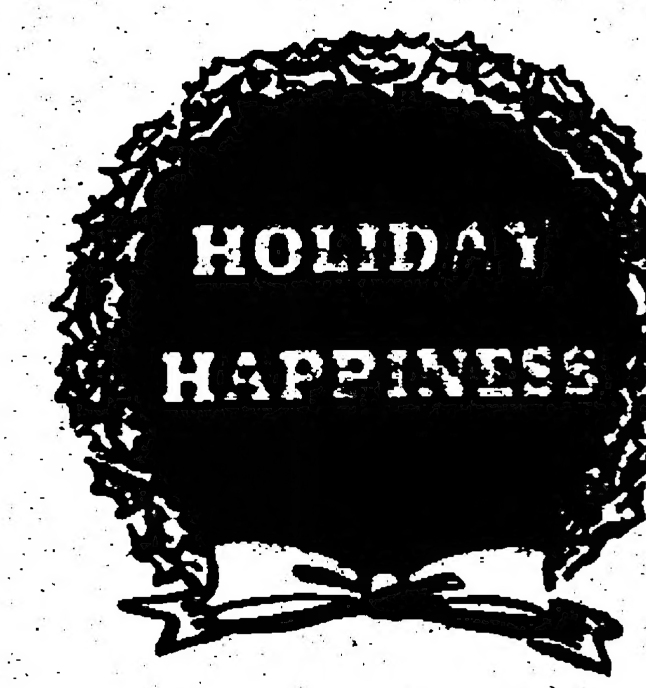
14—Toronto. TYBS Valentine Dance, UNF Hall.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

IDEAL small factory, 56 miles from Toronto in thriving lakeside town; apartment and storage facilities, all under one roof; $9,500. Apply Box 99, The New Canadian, 479 Queen W.

Season's Greetings

Mr. and Mrs. KEN KURAHASHI
Kenny, Beverly, Gordon and Sandra
Buffalo Creek, B.C.



Oyama Show
GREENWOOD, B.C.

Come All! to the
Toronto Japanese Canadian Citizens Association
NEW YEAR'S DANCE
at UNF Hall, College Street **on Friday, January 3, 1958, 8:30 p.m.**
Admission: $1 per person

MESSAGES:

Prime Minister Diefenbaker

This season affords an opportunity for all of us to pause and dedicate ourselves anew to the spiritual things of life without which our existence would be meaningless and our future without a purpose.

It is a time for reviewing the accomplishments of the past and setting our sights for the coming twelve months.

To all Canadians everywhere, in keeping with the Season, I send my heartiest good wishes.

John Diefenbaker,
Prime Minister,
Ottawa.

National JCCA

For the next two years Toronto has been requested to assume the responsibilities as the National headquarters of the JCCA.

As your newly-elected president of the National JCCA, it is my wish together with the members of the National Executive Committee and the National Council members to make the JCCA become alive and active on the National level. Without any doubt, much credit must be given to the local chapters, its members and leaders, for like any organizational structure, the foundation must be strong.

Since the birth of the JCCA in 1947, the organization has withstood criticism, such as, before the formation of the JCCA on a national basis, such a national formation would enable politicians to focus their political attacks on the Japanese Canadians. Some believed a formation such as the JCCA would tend to distract the Japanese Canadians from associating with other groups, belonging to community groups, and other Canadian organizations. On the contrary, the JCCA has proved itself to the Canadian citizens that the Japanese Canadians are vitally concerned about national and international affairs.

I have seen the operation of the JCCA, firstly from the ideas of the members of the then JCCD. With their strong beliefs for a National JCCA, together with the support from various local groups across Canada, the first National JCCA conference was held in Toronto September, 1947. Following conferences were held in Winnipeg, Lethbridge, Montreal and Vancouver.

I believe that we have gained rather than failed in solving the pertinent problems which were common to all of us during the period from 1947 to 1950. At the present time the immigration issue is of primary concern to us, but Toronto JCCA has shouldered this responsibility up to this time. However, this is an issue which the National JCCA should undertake.

The JCCA needs people to come forth with ideas for new projects which will be of benefit, not only to the Japanese Canadians, but also to the country in which we live.

I wish to take this opportunity to quote a line from the preamble of the National JCCA constitution: The National JCCA should regard its work as a contribution to the work of the United Nations, for the well-being and happiness of future generations.

I know that during my term in office I will enjoy the cooperation of the National Executive Committee and National Council members, and from all local chapters. It is with pleasure that I express personally on behalf of the National Executive Committee and National Council members to you and to our friends across the border, the JACL, our sincere wishes for a joyous Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

Edward Ide,
National President,
Japanese Canadian Citizens Association
Toronto, Ontario.

Japanese American Citizens Association

Perhaps no other peoples of the world have so much in common as the residents of the United States and of Canada. The traditional friendliness and harmony between the two countries are well known and need no elaboration here.

Canadians of Japanese ancestry and Americans of Japanese ancestry not only share in this general goodwill and understanding but are also linked together by other common factors such as racial heritage, subjection in the past to discrimination, lack of opportunities and even enforced evacuation.

Today, as never before, Americans of Japanese ancestry enjoy a status which is at an all time high point. With the passage of the major legislative goals of the Japanese American Citizens League, we have been able to make our first slogan, "Security Through Unity," a living fact.

I understand that Canadians of Japanese ancestry have also attained a new plateau in acceptance, respect, and in new opportunities.

We in the Japanese American Citizens League have a second slogan, "To Become Better Americans in a Greater America." We feel that the challenge in this slogan will spur us on to even greater efforts in the future. And I trust too that Canadians of Japanese ancestry will remain aware of the special problems which may face them and will take any necessary steps in order to protect and promote the common welfare.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all Japanese Canadians!

Roy M. Nishikawa,
National President,
Japanese American Citizens League,
San Francisco, California.

結婚半世紀の一世夫婦者

最長は六十二年間の佐々木英治氏夫妻

悲しい事實ではあるが、在加一世の人々は一人、一人と歯が欠けるように世を去って行く。せめて健存の一世の方々から協力を願って、しだいに薄らぎ忘られようとしている「生きた日系カナダ人の歴史」をほんのわずかでも記録にとどめおきたいと、本社は年末特別號に「結婚五十年以上」のパイオニア夫婦を知らせてほしいと發表したのに對して、豫想以上の反響を得たことは喜びとするところであります。今年十一月末日までに結婚五十年以上の方々の報告を、結婚年數の多い順に列記し、すべての長壽夫妻の上に更に大きな幸福がもたらされますよう祈って止みません。

各地で健在

佐々木英治(八五)
同 千代(七八)

△明治二十九年(一八九六年)日本で結婚、佐々木氏は一九〇三年に初渡航、千代夫人は一九〇八年に呼寄せらる。夫婦とも在加五十五年、結婚生活實に六十二年間。金婚式の祝いは十二年前の昔のこと。孫七名、ヒ孫五名で計十二名。現住所はトロント。

岡本 新吉(七七)
同 スミ(七五)

△一九五七年九月六日で結婚生活五十九年間ということである。山口縣出身で現住所はクーバー。

中島 逃吉(八六)
同 あさ(七九)

△明治三十二年(一八九九年)日本で結婚、五十八年間の連れ合い。孫十九人でヒ孫一人。岐阜縣出身で現住所はニューデンバー。

新出次郎市(八四)
同 ヨネ(八四)

△夫婦とも同年齢の長壽で八十四才、今年でまさに結婚生活は五十六年になる。新出氏は在加六十二年、ヨネ夫人は五十四年、共にお元氣健在である。出身地は和歌山縣下の三尾村(現住所はグリンウッド)

前田 勝藏(八三)
同 クヱ(七七)

△明治三十五年(一九〇二年)に日本で結婚、結婚生活五十五年間、日本からハワイに渡航(一九〇二年)して夫婦ともに一九〇七年七月廿八日晩市へ上陸。熊本縣出身で現住所はトロント。

堀 壽次郎(七九)
同 はつゑ(八〇)

△明治三十七年(一九〇四年)に結婚、堀氏が廿六才で夫人が廿七才のとき。したがって結婚生活は五十三年になるわけ。二人とも健在で三重縣出身、現住所はモントリオル。

木多松太郎(七四)
同 ナツエ(七〇)

△明治三十七年(一九〇四)に鹿兒島縣枕崎市で結婚し五十三年になり、二人とも元氣でいます、との通信、現住所はウエスト・サマランド。

楠 金藏(七五)
同 菊野(七三)

△私たちも結婚五十年以上になります。まだ兩人とも元氣で暮しております、という楠氏夫妻が結婚したのが、廿一才と十八才の時、と結婚後五十二年ですとのこと、現住所はトロント。

江畑 源彌(八二)
同 しを(七一)

△明治三十八年(一九〇五年)に日本で結婚、夫婦生活まる五十二年間、孫八人で夫妻とも健全、滋賀縣出身者で現住所はニューデンバー。

松岡 常七(七五)
同 ハルノ(七〇)

△結婚してから五十二年間福岡縣出身で現住所はトロント。

山崎 文吉
同 ソマ

△結婚五十二年、金婚祝賀會も済み、二人とも健在、香川縣出身、現住所はコールデール。

芹澤 儀作(七三)
同 たつ(六九)

△明治三十八年(一九〇五年)日本で結婚、大正八年渡航、晩市に住居、二人とも元氣で孫十六名、結婚してから五十二年間、靜岡縣出身、現住所はノース・カムループス。

小柳 忠造(八四)
同 ナミエ(七四)

△明治三十九年(一九〇六年)日本で結婚、明治四十年ビクトリアに上陸、在加生活五十一年、二人とも元氣ですとある。福岡縣出身現住所はステブストン。

西本 喜作(七六)
同 喜久代(六七)

△夫人が十七才のとき寫眞結婚で渡航、昨年九月金婚式を祝った。結コン生活五十一年目、山口縣出身、現住所はトロント。

岡田 三郎(七八)
同 も彌(七四)

△明治三十九年(一九〇六年)カナダで結婚、期間満五十一年、孫十二人、ヒ孫二人、熊本縣人で現住所はニューデンバー。

堀 善彌(八〇)
同 春枝(六八)

△明治三十九年(一九〇六年)滋賀縣で結コンしてから五十一年。「私共もお蔭さまで夫婦共今日までこれという病魔にもかかりませず元氣で暮させて頂きますことを日夜神佛のご加護と喜び、感謝の日を送っております」とのことである。現住所はトロント。

山岡岩次郎
同 おきく

△一九〇六年に結婚してその翌年カナダに渡航以來今日まで二人とも一度も入院したことなく暮している。子供は男四人、女一人で現在孫が十五人、結婚五十一年。滋賀縣出身、現住所はケローナ。

近堂新次郎(七七)
同 キヌ(六九)

△明治四十年(一九〇七年)ステブストンで結婚、丁度五十年の結婚生活、和歌山縣出身で現住所はトロント。

遠山 本三(七三)
同 キミ(六七)

△一九〇七年に結婚、五十年間、娘一人に孫五人。東京出身で現住所はニューデンバー。

宇野幸三郎(七九)
同 おいよ(六六)

△日本で結婚、一九〇七年晩市上陸、同年訪日妻同伴で再歸加、結婚してから今日で五十年。滋賀縣出身、現住所はモントリオール。

小林 龜吉(八三)
同 とらの(六八)

△明治四十年(一九〇七年)に結婚、ちょうど五十年間の夫婦生活、金婚式も済ませ二人とも元氣。廣島縣出身、現住所はトロント。

爲本 錠助(八二)
同 コマ(七〇)

△一九〇七年に結婚、今年の一月金婚式を祝う。香川縣出身、現住所はウィニペッグ。

鈴木倫太郎夫妻

△「私共も今年の二月で結婚五十年記念をセガレ達より祝ってもらいました。愛知縣生れで結婚してからその年の十一月にステブストンに參りました。」出身地は愛知縣、現住所はロンドン。

菅 吉太郎(七[illegible])
同 初枝(六八)

△一九〇七年に結婚、ちょうど五十年になる。廣島縣出身、現住所はモントリオール。

孫の手

てる民

抱いた孫の手に[illegible]へ拜む初日の出
年あらた只默念の手を合す
師走空七星觀るかスペトニック
寒空のスクリンに映るスペトニック
冬暖し[illegible]の重さに手貫す人



雑録 「グッドウイル」

梅月生

□一夜にして氣温は三十度も上つたり下つたりし、クリスマス近くになると春先きのように、朝など霧雨が落ち葉の枝に玉をなす、寒かつたり暖かかつたりの中で過去一カ月ばかり、社員一同が努力を重ねてこの特別號が出來上つた。日英文合せて五十六ページのこの特別號も、手にとつてみれば、何んでもないようなものの、この中には多くの人々の尊い善意がこもつているのである。本紙の運營を可能ならしめる愛讀者と廣告者の支援、各地に亘る特別なる協力者の盡力、これらすべては、このクリスマス季節に最もふさわしい心情である。

□秋立つとともに私達は特別號の用意をはじめる。そして十一月末からはいよいよ編集と印刷に取りかかるのであるが、それは廣告と記事が全部出そろつてからではなくて、材料が集まるほどづつ、第三部、第二部、第一部そして本紙という順序で振り當てて行くのであるから、望むような統一と体裁を表わすことは出來ない。新聞の編集は料理と同じような氣がするし、或る程度の自信はあるつもりではあるが、『フライ・パンを温めておけ』と言い殘して魚釣りに出かけたのに當てが外れて空籠で歸つて來るような場合に似た、寄稿の當て外れがあつたり遲く着いたりで、思うようには參らぬ場面が多々ある。

□これはまた年末年始をひつかけた「クリスマス新年」特別號ではあるが、記事は必らずしもそれにちなんではいない。その代りに内容は多種多様でかえつて面白いかと思うし、ここには一々紹介しないが、讀者の滿足をいただけると信じる。投稿募集も依頼も、例年のように「何んでも御隨意に、氣の向くままに」ということにして、こちらからは出題することを避けているが、それは一つには、特別號は讀者の自由表現で飾りたいという建前からである。しかし例外はあつた。中島氏には米作りの苦心談と希望をつづることをすすめたし、マッキニス氏夫妻には、何か思い出の手紙を書いてほしいとおねがいしたのであつた。

□寄稿は前記のように集まるほどづつ錄載していつたのであるが、讀者にお斷りし寄稿者におわびしなければならないのは、宇都宮鹿之助、北村夏宵、鄉滿、中村徹、池田照子、「町の人」諸氏その他の原稿が、スペースの加減や遲着等で特別號に收錄できなかつたことである。英文の萩原大使や井手全加市協會長のメッセージその他、日本文にも直して紹介したい記事とともに、何れも年が明けてからということにするほかない。

□樂しいクリスマスとよい新年を迎えられて、さらに筆まめにおたより下さるように念じ上げます。

年頭の辭

岸信介

（内閣總理大臣　岸信介）

昭和三十三年の年頭にあたり、海外同胞諸君に対し新年の御挨拶を申し述べます。

同胞諸君が幾多の困難を克服し確固たる今日の基礎を築き、また善良なる市民として日加両国の親善と繁栄に大きく寄與されておりますことは、まことに喜ばしく慶賀に堪えません。

今日のこの発展の基礎を築かれた同胞諸君の永年にわたる努力と苦難はなみなみならぬものがありまして私はその御労苦に対し、心から敬意と感謝の意を表するものであります。

顧みれば過ぐる昭和三十二年は内外ともに多事多端な年でありました。昨年十月、わが国は多数諸国の支持を得て國際連合安全保障理事會の非常任理事國に當選いたしましたことは御承知の通りであります。日本が國際連合加盟一年を出ないで、この栄誉をかち得ましたことは友邦諸國がわが國の誠意を汲んで多大の支持を寄せたことによるのは勿論でありますが、同時に同胞諸君が國際連合の重要性と、わが國の役割とを深く認識されて強い支持を與えられた賜ものであると信ずるものであります。

私は、昨年五月及び十一月の二回にわたって東南アジア諸國を、また六月米國を訪問し、各國の指導者と語り合い、隔意ない意見を交換して参りましたが、わが日本に對する各國の信頼と期待とが著しく高まっていることを知り、國際社界においての、わが國の使命と責任のはなはだ重大であることを痛感した次第であります。また昨年は友好諸國の政治、經濟、文化各界の権威者が相次いで來訪されましたが、わが國と友邦諸國との關係を深める上において極めて意義が多かったことと信じます。さらにわが國において多くの國際會議が開催され、それぞれの分野において人類の相互理解さ、これに基づく國際親善の促進が大きくはかられましたことはまことに喜ばしいことと存じます。

今やわが國の國際的地位はいよいよ高く、國運開拓の責任はますます重きを加えてきたのでありますが、われわれは内に國力を充實すると共に、外には積極的に世界の平和と繁榮に貢献するの決意を新たにして邁進したいと存ずるものであります。

この新しい年が、今までにない輝かしい幸福な年になることを切に望みますとともに、同胞諸君の御多幸を心からお祈り申し上げる次第であります。

外務大臣　藤山愛一郎

一九五八年の新らしい年を迎えるにあたり、ニューカナデアンを通じてカナダにおられる日系人の方々に賀詞を述べることは、私の最も欣快とするところであります。

御承知のとおり、わが國は多年の念願であった國連加盟に引續き、昨秋國連總會で安全保障理事會の非常任理事國に選出され、本年から向う二ヵ年間安全保障理事會に席を占めることとなりました。日本はこれまでも總會、エカフェその他各國連専門機關で活溌な國連活動を續けてきたのでありますが、ここに安全保障理事國の一員としてさらに一段と積極的に國連を通じわが平和外交を推進する機運に恵まれたわけであります。

わが國とカナダとは長年にわたって傳統的な友好關係にあります。不幸にして戰爭のために一時國交が絶たれましたが、戰後は禍を轉じて福となすの諺のとおり、兩國の關係は戰前以上に友好的となり、例えば日本のガット加入に際してもカナダは常に率先して積極的に日本の加入を支持し、さらにわが國の國連加盟についても努力を惜しまなかったことはわれわれの記憶に新たなところであります。一昨年の秋わが國を訪れたカナダ園藝家協會の視察團の好意と關心に應えるため鉄道東京部から楓の苗木がオタワ市に贈られました。オタワ市に日本の楓が植樹され兩國友好のシンボルとなる日も遠くないでありましょう。

このような兩國の友好關係増進の時期に當り多數の在加日系人諸氏が粒々辛苦を重ねて確固たる地盤を築かれていることはまことに心強い限りであります。兩國の友好關係をさらに強固なものにするために在加日系人の皆さまが果される役割はいよいよ大切であります。この上とも御健闘あらんことを祈りまして新年の賀詞といたします。

在晩香坡領事　田邊宗夫

一九五八年の年頭に際しニューカナデアン紙上を借り、管内日系市民各位に新春の御挨拶を申し上げると共に、昨年日本の洪水罹災者に對し皆様より寄せられました温い御援助に對し改めて御禮申し上げます。

私は着任丁度半年になりますが、日加關係が増進の一途を辿りつつあることに意を強うするものであります。これは在オタワの大使歴代領事及び同僚の御努力もさることながら日系市民各位の御協力に負うところ大なるものありと信じますが、特に一昨年日本語講座を新設すると共に日本研究を主とするアジア學部を設けた當地ユービーシーが昨年八月萩原大使の御出席を得て一週間にわたる日本セミナルを開催したことは劃期的な事であったと思います。

訪日のため當館に査証を申請する件数も昨年は一昨年を上廻っておりますが、當ヴァンクーヴァー入港の日本船についてみますと一昨年一月より十一月まで一七六隻であったものが昨年同期間には一九六隻にふえております。この増加は昨年カナダの景氣がタイトマネー政策の影響をうけていたこと、又日本において投資過剰による國際收支逆調是正のため金融引締政策がとられていたことを思えばとくに注目すべき事實であります。尚右の日本船の當地入港数は米國の二三八隻に次ぐものでありますが、このことはカナダと日本との關係がカナダの接境するアメリカに次ぎ緊密なることを象徴するように思われます。唯日加貿易のバランスは大いに改善されましたというものの、對加輸入の半分で、當地入港の日本船の來航には空船もある状態ですから、カナダにもっと日本のものを買ってもらうことが期待せられる次第です。

しかしカナダの太平洋アジアに對する關心が高まってきたことは何といっても爭えないところです。私は昨年六月迄セイロンに任勤し、コロンボ・プランの仕事にも携り、東南アジア各國の經濟建設のためのカナダの無私の寄與が高く評價されていることを體驗しました。幸い昨年日本はアジアを代表して國連安保理事國の非常任理事國にも當選し永年の懸案であったインドネシア賠償もまとまることになりましたが、今後太平洋アジアの平和と繁榮につき日本がカナダと協力する餘地は極めて多いと考えます。

昨年人工衛星の新時代の途がひらかれましたが、このことは一面には太平洋を隔てる日加の距離が一層短縮したことを意味すると同時に我々として先づ地につく日加關係この上の緊密化が念願される次第であります。

本年の御活躍と御加餐を祈ります。

在ウ市領事　吉川紀彦

本紙々上をかりまして皆様に新年の御挨拶が、できる機會を得ましたことは、私の最も喜びとするところであります。

私が領事館を開設するためニューヨークから當ウイニペッグに參りましてから、既に一カ年の歳月がたちました。その間に多くの日系人の方とも親しくお會いする機會を得たのでありますが、私がニューヨークにいて像想していたよりも皆様は遙かに廣い方面で御活躍されており、且つカナダの經濟、社會、文化に寄與、貢獻せられている有様を目の前に見まして、誠に驚くと共に深い誇りを覺えた次第であります。そして、斯うした皆様と接していますと皆様の大部分の方が、十二、三年前に主としてビーシー州から全然未知の場所に來られて、言語に絶する艱難をなめられたということは、到底信じ得ないのであります。斯うした短時日の間に皆様が立派なカナダの市民として、他の人々から親愛と尊敬の念をもって迎えられているというのも皆様が誠實、勤勉、廉直を日常生活のモットーとして行動して來られたことによるものと思うのでありますが、斯うした生活態度を續けられる限り、今後の皆様の御發展は期して待つべきものがありましょう。

最後に皆様の御健康と御繁榮を衷心から祈って新年の御挨拶を結びたいと思います。

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雑詠

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思想の惑星凍天にきらめく

癒えし子の帰りを聖樹に灯を點す

幾歳ぞカナダに迎ふ初の日出

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謹賀新年

昨年中は格別の御引立に預り有難く厚く御禮申上ます。
尚本年も相變らず御愛顧の程偏に御願い申し上げます。

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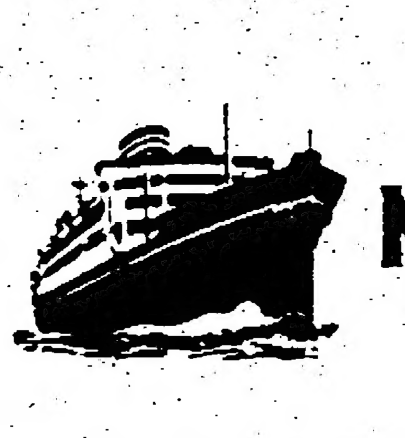
クリスマスを祝し
新年を賀し奉る

舊年中は格別のお引立に預り、好成績を舉げ得ました事を深謝申し上げます。どうぞ本年も相變らずよろしくお願い申し上げます。
希望に輝く新年を迎うるに際し、皆々樣の御健勝と御幸福を念じ上げます。

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謹賀新年

昭和三十三年
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カナダ・トロント市
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日系の為に努力
ジャング議員から市協へ返事

△最初の東洋人系國會議員となつて話題のタネをまいているダグラス・ジャング氏（晩市センター區選出）に對して當選を祝う手紙を晩市々協が送つたところ、このほどジャング議員から「私の人種的背景によつて日系カナダ人との關係がきわめて親密なことを承知している」と大要次の如き返事が香田會長宛にとどいた。

△——議會における私の處女演説のカッピーを同封します。ご承知の通り、私は東洋諸國との關係について深い關心を持つており、これらの國々の實狀をみるため來年極東旅行をするつもりでおります。これについて參考になる點がありますればお傳え願いたい。

△私はこのほど米國で發行されている日本語新聞一部を送られました。それには私の處女演説について報道してあり、そのことは私の當選が他人種にも關心が示されていることを物語るものです。私は今後、少數民族のために最善をつくしたいと考えており、日系市協のため出來ることがあればご連絡願いたい。（以下略）

晩市店頭 山なす日本ミカン

【晩市發】十一月より十二月中旬にかけて當地方は惠まれた暖かい氣候が續いた。年末景氣はすばらしく大繁昌というところ、日系人の眼に特にうつるのは多くの店頭に山と積まれた日本ミカンである。「マンダリン・オレンジ」と大きな字で書いたのがあるかとおもえば「ジャパニーズ・オレンジ」というのもあり、なかには「ジャップ・オレンジ」というのも見うけるが、これはあまりよい感じを與えないこのサインは恐らく當市とその付近だけであろうと思われる。

ピアソン前外相 受賞慶祝晩餐會

一九五七年度のノーベル平和賞をうけたピアソン前外相の出身地トロントでは同氏夫妻と八十七歳でいまなお健在のピアソン氏母堂を主賓とする慶祝大晩餐會が先週ト市で催され、二千名が出席、ピアソン氏の受賞を讃えた。ムンロー國連總會議長以下多くの著名人を前に、ピアソン議員は「ネイトーは自衛機關のみでなく、平和交渉の機關であるべきだ」と演説した。なおこの晩餐會には遠藤領事と内田副領事も參加した。

不況はまだ來ず
＝日本の暮しは案外によい＝

【東京特信】一九五七年は日本にとつてはじめは前年からの好景氣が續いていたが次第に輸入がふえるのに輸出が伸びず、政府は思い切つて金融を引締めたので經濟界では後半不況に追いこまれた。しかし一人一人の生活からみるとまだ不況はやつてきていない。賃金も下らず、大きな解雇もなく消費者物價もほんのわずか上つただけで、去年同様、暮しぶりはよくなつている。經濟企劃廳の發表した「生活白書」によると、こういう特徴をあげている。

△大金持も減つたかわりに低所得者もだんだん少くなり、中流階級がふえている。

△國民の消費はアメリカのように商品の大量生産、工業技術の進歩などによつて規格化し、同じ商品を使い生活様式が畫一化しつつある。

△住居の問題が一番難點でその方面への支出もぐんと大きくなつた。

△食生活では加工した食品——バターとかハムといつた風に——を好んで食べるようになつた。

△衣類の面では毛製品、ナイロンの消費がふえた。サンフォライズした高級品が多く出るようになつた。

△燃料ではガス、石油の消費がふえて、木炭、マキの消費が減つている。

△電氣器具などの家具什器を求める人がふえた。大都市のごく貧しい人たちを除いてはミシンは七五パーセントの家庭に備えられ、カメラは二世帯に一臺、電氣センタク機は三・三世帯に一臺、電蓄は二・五世帯に一臺という普及率であるといつている。（東京エム生）

ソ連の科學 米國に劣る

【モスクワ發】ソ連科學院總裁アレキサンダー・ネスメヨノフ博士はソ連下院議會で今週「ソ連はあらゆる科學分野において米國をしのぐにはまだまだ遠い先きのことである」と驚異的發表を行い、ソ連が科學全般のレベルを高めるためには政府はもっと財政的援助を與えるべきだと主張した。ネスメヨーフ博士は「ソ連は人工衛星面の進歩には西歐國を拔いているが、他の科學分野では、いまだに舊式の施設を使用していて、西ドイツのイレクトロニック設備とソ連のをくらべると雲泥の差があることを指摘した。

早生れ赤ん坊 五八年は誰に

ニューカナデアンの「新年第一番生れコンテスト」は五八年で八回目、毎年二世讀者から「今年はどこのベビーがフォースト・ベビーになるだろうか」と興味の中心となつている。五八年の早生れベビーについて一月十五日までに次の事項を書き入れて送つて頂きたい。

△ベビーの生れた日と時間、場所、体重、身長、名前△ドクター又は看護婦の證明△兩親の氏名現住所など。

マガレット王女 來夏カナダへ

【ロンドン發】マガレット英王女は來夏はじめてカナダを訪問されると今週正式發表があつた。マガレット王女は七月十二日空路ビーシーに赴かれ、同州百年祭のため十日間州内に滞在ののち汽車でカナダを横斷、沿線でカナダ國民の歡迎をうけ、トロント、オタワ、モントリオールおよびクベックの各市を訪問される豫定である。

五八年度 移民は十七万

【オタワ發】來年度のカナダへの移民數はざつと十六万五千ないし十七万人と見積られている。五七年度中の移民總數は一九一三年以來の最高で二十八万ないし二十八万五千人と當局で發表している。過去二年間のカナダ經濟の異常なる擴張の進度が來年あたりよりスローダウンするとみており、從つて移民もそれに準じて受入數を減らす方針である。

警官のカーを未成年が追跡

【パリース・　ペンブルック市、　ス・ベー町　夜、ラント　人未成人がビーア一箱を持ち入たので、一人乘りのオ州警察パトロール・カーがその白人青年を逮捕し、ビールを取上げようとしたところ、たちまち三十餘名の青年が集まり、その警官ともみ合つたが、警官はビールだけ持ち出し、カーでのがれ出たあとを青年グループが四臺のカーに分乘、パトロール・カーを追跡したので、急報により應援にきた二人乘りパトロール・カーのため四臺のカーはつかまり、いずれも逮捕された。

交通事故で 岡原夫人重態

ト市の岡原テリー夫人は去　曜夜、ドシャ降りの中に電車に突き當てられ、二カ所に重傷をうけ、直ちにセント・ジョセフ病院に收容されたが、重態であると

ハミルトンの 日系人の行事

【ハミルトン發】共和會および市協合同委員會が十四日開催され、次の事項を決定した。

△療養所および一般病臥者に對し例年通り見舞慰問する。このための自動車は市協側で提供。

△市協主催の兒童クリスマス・パーティーに共和會より十弗寄附。

△敬老親睦會を一月十八日夜七時より開催。詳細は追つて發表。食卓準備の都合上、チケットは入口では賣らない。

△日本映畫は一月八日上映入場券は前賣せず、入口で賣る。

●如月クラブでは一月四日（土）午後六時半から西ダンダス街一一二三の西湖樓二階で新年晩餐ダンス會開催

●ト市日系合同教會では十二月廿九日（日）朝クイン街教會に於て最後の禮拜を行うが、夜七時からの白人側禮拜にはお別れのため特に日系人も參加、清水牧師が說敎する。そして禮拜後には感謝食會の茶話會が敎室で開かれ日系婦人がサービスする。

●ト佛敎會 十二月二十九日午後二時說敎、三十一日夜八時除夜會、一月一日午前十時半修正會

日系人の皆様へ

昭和三十三年の新春を皆様と共にお祝いするため、左の通りオープン・ハウスを催しますから、皆様お揃いでお出で下さい。

記

日時 一月一日正午から三時

場所 領事公邸 200 Kingston Row, Winnipeg

在ウイニペッグ 日本國領事館

日系人の皆様へ

一九五八年の新春を皆様と共に壽ぐため、左記によりオープン・ハウスを催しますから、多數お誘い合せの上御參會下さい。

在トロント 領事 遠藤又男

一 時日 一九五八年一月一日 午後二時より五時まで

二 場所 領事公邸 1 Grenadier Gardens, Toronto 3, Ont.

祝聖誕 謹賀新年

この特別號發刊にたいし格別の御支援を賜わりました各位に深い感謝を申し上げ、常日頃から本紙のために御盡力下さる通信者、代理者そして愛讀者と廣告主の絶えざる御援助を改めて厚く御禮申上げます。何うぞ素らしい年にも一段の御べんたつを賜りたく私たちは皆様の激勵を大切なものとして、更に、容易ではない仕事と取り組む心構えで居ります。

ニューカナデアン
社員一同

▲次號は一月四日（土）に發行、最終の印刷後に屆いた祝賀廣告はこれに掲載いたします。

▲印刷後に第二部七頁坂本酉雄氏の電話が二六二六に、四頁の山崎文吉氏ノ電話が五三二〇二に變更されました。第二部二、三、四頁の名刺交換中の「郎」の字を「邸」と誤植した分がありましたことをおわび申します。

▲新購讀者には特別號を無料で贈呈、なお特別號を餘分に御希望の方は一部五仙で分ちます。

THE NEW CANADIAN

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR ISSUE

HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1957 SECTION ONE

MESSAGES:

Embassy of Japan

On Canada's national emblem is the Latin inscription, "A mari usque ad mare." And on the facade of Parliament House in Ottawa are inscribed the words, "The wholesome sea at her gates, her gates both at East and West."

Indeed Canada is flanked by two mighty oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific, and beyond them lie Europe to the east and Asia to the west, neighbors in this fast shrinking world.

If Canada in the past looked more to the east, to England and France, the mother countries of her people, there is ample proof that she is now also looking to an increasing extent to lands beyond her western frontier. Canada has been taking a greater interest and responsibility in the political and diplomatic affairs of Asia since the war, a fact demonstrated by her participation in the United Nations effort in Korea, in the Armistice Commission in Vietnam, and in the Colombo Plan for Asian economic development, to mention only a few.

In the economic field, Canada's trade with countries of Asia is becoming increasingly important. Japan alone is now buying annually nearly 120 million dollars worth of Canadian products, including bushels of wheat, and in return she is selling a total of 60 million dollars worth of her own products.

In the cultural field, I find a growing Canadian interest in Japan. This past summer when I attended the Seminar of the Institute of Asian Studies at the University of British Columbia to address the opening session, I was pleasantly surprised to find a large number of persons in attendance. The Institute, I understand, has quite a few professors, assistants, and students engaged in the study of the Japanese language, literature, history, social and political institutions, and other subjects.

One of my duties as Japanese Ambassador to Canada is to understand, evaluate and encourage this interest of Canadians in Japan. I am confident that this interest will further increase in the future as the friendly relations between Japan and Canada grow and deepen.

What, then, I now ask, will be the impact of this tendency on the life of Canadians of Japanese ancestry? During my brief trip to B.C. and the Prairie provinces last summer, I had occasion to discuss this question with a number of Japanese Canadians. Some of the points we covered were: Would not closer economic and cultural relations between Japan and Canada inevitably create new job opportunities related to these fields of endeavor? For instance, would not Japanese firms established in Canada or Canadian firms engaged in business with Japan welcome the services of persons who have a personal knowledge and understanding of both countries and speak both languages? Will these jobs go to the Nisei? Will such jobs enable the Nisei to gain in economic and social standing? What should be the role of the Nisei, the Sansei, the Yonsei, etc., in Japanese-Canadian relations in the future?

What I think can be said now is that Japanese Canadians have a stronger interest in things Japanese than they ever had before. In the past several decades their primary effort, I think, has been to adapt and assimilate themselves to Canadian life. Now that they have established the economic basis of their life, it may well be their opportunity as the "new Canadians" to make enduring contributions to a richer Canadian culture. If they would recapture the finer heritage of their ancestral land and project it into the life of Canada, they may build a strong and lasting bridge of understanding and enriching intercourse across the Pacific as their fellow countrymen of European origin have done across the Atlantic. Canada would be so much the richer and greater. This is history's great challenge and opportunity to Japanese Canadians.

Toru Hagiwara,
Japanese Ambassador to Canada,
Ottawa, Ontario.

Department of Citizenship and Immigration

It gives me much pleasure to be able to extend greetings to all Canadians of Japanese origin through this special Christmas and New Year issue of The New Canadian.

At this season of the year, which is above all others dedicated to universal brotherhood and good will, we in the Canadian family can take especial pride in the spirit of tolerance and mutual respect which has enabled men of different cultures to live together in unity and build the Canadian nation. Those of our Canadian family who are of Japanese origin are playing their full part in the realization of this national ideal, and our national life has been enriched by their contribution.

In their readiness to share in the life of their new community, Canadians of Japanese origin have received much help and encouragement from The New Canadian. This newspaper, using in its pages both the English and the Japanese languages, shares with other newspapers and journals appearing in many languages across Canada an important and responsible role. It is through the medium of such publications that cultures meet, helping to keep alive all that is best in our diverse heritage, and strengthening our understanding and appreciation of one another.

To the readers of The New Canadian and to members of its staff, I send my good wishes for a Merry Christmas and for health, happiness and prosperity in the year that lies ahead.

E. D. Fulton, Acting Minister.
Department of Citizenship and
Immigration, Ottawa.

Notes on Les Girls ...Japonaise

By FRANK MORITSUGU

1957 was a boom year for talented Japanese gals, Nisei or the other kind, in North American show business. Such gals as Miiko Taka of the movies, Pat Suzuki of nightclubs and TV, Japan's calypso girl Michiko Hamamura, exotic dancer Tura Satana and jazz pianist Toshiko Akiyoshi. Toshiko is a veteran compared to the other girls, but it was just this October that she hit national recognition by being featured in Life magazine along with Misses Hamamura and Suzuki.

Living as I do in one of the favored TV areas in North America (non-Torontonians might not know that we can receive four networks if we have UHF reception—all three U.S. networks and the CBC), and having made a trip to New England this summer, I was fortunate enough to see all of these Japanese dolls in action either on film, TV or "live". So here are the contents of my black book on each performance, plus a note on another gal who will be hitting the bigtime via a forthcoming film, just being made.

Miiko Taka. This Los Angeles lass got the publicity because she co-stars in the movie, Sayonara, a production that's bigtime all the way with Marlon Brando, director Josh (Picnic) Logan, Ricardo Montalban, Red Buttons, etc., as players and Japanese locations in glorious Technirama and color. At a recent screening, it was apparent that Sayonara will be a box-office smash and its 2½ hours are mostly worthwhile. Only now and then does it slow down to the draggy pace of an oldtime Nipponese movie.

Brando is a U.S. jet ace from the South in this story based on James Michener's soap operaish novel—and in some scenes he is superb. Montalban is surprisingly convincing as Nakamura, a Kabuki actor. Also strong are Red Buttons and Miyoshi Umeki as his Japanese wife.

But the big surprise is Miiko Taka. In spite of enthusiastic reports in the American Nisei press, she doesn't quite merit an Academy Award in her professional debut. Still this slim, lovely Nisei is entrancing and believable as the top dancer of the Takarazuka troupe (which goes by another name in the film). And the love affair is tenderly handled. The ladies should bring a bulk supply of weeping tissue. By the way, this Madame Butterfly story has a happy ending.

Pat Suzuki. Another West Coast Nisei, this Seattle singer is not as entrancing to look at as Miss Taka, but she is a real professional. Time magazine raved about her earlier in the year, comparing her with Merman and Garland. And her appearances on the CBC-TV show Call For Music, out of Vancouver, convinced me, at least, that this was no exaggeration. This stocky gal with the mischievous face and the rich voice really socks a song across. Pat shone out of the TV screen, unhindered by the inept production of the Vancouver show or the murkiness of the kinescope we saw. We'll be sure to see and hear more of her.

Michiko Hamamura. On another TV program, Patti Page's The Big Record, this visitor from Japan appeared in the fall. She is slinky with heavy locks of raven hair masking her bedroom eyes. And she sang The Banana Boat Song in English and Japanese. Japan's Calypso Girl might be a big deal in Japan, where demokurashii-loving women think it's great to be emancipated and wear western-type clothes and such, but on her U.S. TV appearance she was a fiasco. Her supposedly skin-tight toreador pants were the worst-fitting I've seen on TV (they weren't skin-tight), and the pseudo-Japanese setting and the phony "Japanese" dancers who backed her up all mucked up the works. Then to top it all, she spoke a few words in Japanese—which even to these untrained ears sounded crude and unladylike, thus fouling up the picture of modern Nipponese glamour she was trying to convey.

Tura Satana. Another gal working the sex appeal racket is the Nisei exotic dancer (or stripper) who performed at Toronto's Casino this year. I understand some Isseis (women, too) ventured into that outpost of vaudeville and burlesque for her starring week. At the Casino, Miss Satana (whatever her real name is) proved to be an attractive gal with a delightful body and the kind of high spirits rarely seen among strippers today. In her field, she is a real comer. It should be noted that she is not the first Nisei to invade this specialized field. Some years ago, at least one Japanese American lass was headliner in the G-string business, but under a Chinese name. And of course, Chinese gals are frequently seen adding Oriental refinement to bumps and grinds. In Boston, during my summer holidays, I happened to see Tura Satana again, headlining at the Casino there. This house was quite a different setup from its Toronto namesake—there aren't many holds barred and Miss Satana put on what is known in burley parlance as a very "strong" show.

Toshiko Akiyoshi. In Boston is one of the most comfortable jazz spots in North America—Storyville at the Copley-Plaza. And Toshiko, whom jazz followers know as a discovery by Oscar Peterson in Japan and a Boston music student as well as modernist pianist, makes Storyville practically her home. The night my wife and I caught her trio, the place was deserted except for about a dozen people who gradually disappeared until we were one of two groups left. Unfortunately although listening conditions were excellent (good acoustics, no ringing cash registers or shouting waiters, and no heckling from drunken customers), Toshiko's kind of cold intellectual jazz left us rather cold. The only time it came to life was when in response to a rather silly shouted request from the floor, she played a parody of Errol Garner which was the only piece that swung all night. But to them who like it cooler than cool, this shy Japanese gal is really big—even when she wears western dress rather than the exotic kimono.

Yoko Tani. Finally, this is the gal whom you probably have not heard of yet, but will surely very soon. According to publicity from the J. Arthur Rank people, she is to co-star with Dirk Bogarde in the forthcoming movie version of The Wind Cannot Read, Richard Mason's romantic love story about a British officer and a Japanese gal who teaches Japanese at an Intelligence School in India during the Second World War. Mason specializes in the East-meets-West love story (The World of Suzie Wong is his latest and it's best-selling), and his book is a bittersweet thing, much superior to Michener's Sayonara. If made with British taste and restraint, the movie might turn out to be a happy effort.

Miss Tani according to the publicity, was born in Paris of Japanese parents, educated in France and then later, school and university in Japan, then later the Sorbonne. She also studied singing and dancing in Paris and made her professional debut with a ballet company. She starred in the Paris production of The Teahouse of the August Moon, and has made seven films of which three were Japanese. Her latest film is The Quiet American, another big picture directed by Joseph Mankiewicz, and starring Audie Murphy and Michael Redgrave. And judging from the photo in the J. Arthur Rank release, Miss Tani is even more striking a looker than Miiko Taka—which is batting a fair average.



MIIKO TAKA of *Sayonara*

JOE YAMAUCHI



The first Nisei to play professional football in Canada, was traded to the B.C. Lions in a preseason trade. There he displaced American import Don Vicic in the Leo's starting backfield alongside All-Star By Bailey. Joe helped the Lions defeat Winnipeg by scoring the winning touchdown. In the off season he attends University of British Columbia, where he is studying architecture.

Recently my husband and I attended a dinner to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the CCF Party. As I listened to the reminiscences of the present leader of the CCF, M. J. Coldwell, of the research director of the Canadian Labor Congress, Eugene Forsey, who had a part in drawing up the Regina Manifesto in 1933, of the MP for Vancouver East, Harold Winch, and gazed upon the quiet countenance of Mrs. Lucy Woodsworth, the widow of the first leader of the CCF, my own thoughts were filled with personal memories of an unexpected meeting with the late J. S. Woodsworth.

J. S. WOODSWORTH:

A Memorable Canadian

By KAY SHIMIZU, Ottawa

IT was in the spring of 1941 when I was helping in my mother's dress-making shop. On this particular morning I set out to deliver a coat to the daughter of a clergyman who lived nearby. My knock was answered by a slim, frail, white-haired gentleman who told me that the minister's family was away for a few days, but that he and his wife had been expecting delivery of the garment.

While I waited to be paid, he asked if I was a Japanese Canadian. He had just been reading an article by Laura Jameson in the "Canadian Forum" on the shocking differential wages between white and oriental workers in Ocean Falls. I expressed some regret that such a situation should exist, and from there the conversation moved into other channels, and soon I found myself sitting in the living room listening with absorbed attention to the words of this gentleman.

He showed compassion for the workers who did not realize that discrimination of a racial group in their midst defeated their own ends. His understanding of the problems of the Japanese Canadians and of other racial minorities impressed me. As he told me something of his work among the many immigrants from Europe who settled in the Winnipeg area, I began to appreciate more fully that my difficulties as a Canadian of Japanese parentage were not too different from those of minority groups throughout the country. His indignation at the thought of the many hardships which so many were forced to endure unnecessarily, moved me greatly. However, he pointed out that though improvements had come slowly, even in his lifetime he had seen considerable progress in the understanding of the working man, and changes in community attitudes to many immigrant groups. He expressed confidence in the small but growing number of right-minded people who could be counted on to do their part in seeing that these improvements continued.

The talk turned to the war in Europe and the possibility of Japan becoming involved in a war against the Allies. He felt that should this occur, and it seemed inevitable at that time, the position of the Japanese in Canada might become very difficult. He dwelt upon the futility of war as a way of solving differences between nations, and his concern for what was happening to humanity at that very moment so overwhelmed him, that he could not continue.

At this point I suddenly found myself blurting out, "You must be J. S. Woodsworth!"

Mrs. Woodsworth came in to remind her husband that he must not get overly excited and explained that he was just getting over a serious illness. I said I realized that, now that I knew who my host was, and made as if to go. Mr. Woodsworth, however, prevailed upon me to have a cup of tea with him with a promise to his wife to talk of less disturbing matters.

He then asked me what I was doing. I told him that I was feeling a little confused and discouraged about the future, and at the moment did not know quite what to do with my life. I had just obtained a B.A. degree with the hope of enrolling in the Department of Social Work in the fall. However, an interview with the head of the department had been anything but encouraging, as it had been pointed out that because of my race, the department would find field work placement impossible. I was inclined to feel along with my family that the sooner I started earning something by helping in the dressmaking shop which my mother and sister operated, the better it would be for all of us.

Mr. Woodsworth then related with deep conviction his feeling that every effort to aid the helpless, the discouraged, and neglected members of our community was infinitely worthwhile. Knowing something of the sacrifices which this dedicated man had made, I felt that I had been too easily shaken. I left Mr. Woodsworth strengthened by his abiding faith in the dignity and worth of the individuals who make up our world.

During the next few weeks after meeting this memorable Canadian, I sought out several people in the community to discuss with them the possibility of a social work opening for a Japanese Canadian. It soon became apparent that there was a desperate need for a social worker in the Japanese Canadian community as well as the possibility of several jobs elsewhere. My family wasn't entirely convinced that there was a future for me in social work and in order to win them over, I invited the executive secretary of the Japanese Welfare Federation to answer their doubts. (Three years later we were married.) Armed with the promise of at least one job, I again tackled the Department of Social Work which reluctantly admitted me in the fall.

A Friendly Letter from Vancouver

Dear Friends:—

This year circumstances made it necessary for us to spend more time than formerly in Vancouver. We are not complaining about this, as living in Vancouver has many advantages not enjoyed by less-favored parts of Canada. Our advantage is the opportunity to see more of our Japanese Canadian friends.

In the course of the year we attended a number of functions such as the JCCA picnic at Belcarra Park and the dinner in honor of this year's Nisei graduates from UBC. There were also pleasant summer afternoons when we had tea in our garden with Japanese Canadian friends visiting Vancouver or friends living in and around the city. These occasions gave opportunity for much talking over old times.

It was pleasant to note that most, if not all the problems which bothered us in the old days had now been satisfactorily resolved—the fight for the franchise and the troubles and sorrows of the evacuation during the war years.

Happily, life is not all clouds and storms. Perhaps in the lives of all of us except the most unfortunate there is as much sunshine and clear sky. For the Japanese Canadians we think that the sunshine and clear skies of the past ten years have compensated for much of what happened in the years before that.

In the matter of the franchise, all citizens of Canada now have the same rights. We believe that all the old animosities and discrimination having their roots in racial origin have disappeared. This, of course, is as it should be. We are all Canadians.

As we have equal rights, so we have an equal responsibility to give of our best to Canada. We think it is important that people coming to Canada should not forget the things that were part of their lives in their former homes. Canada is rich in many things, but we have one asset which, perhaps, we do not value highly enough: the culture from many lands, brought to us by new citizens who have made Canada their permanent home.

We cannot conclude this letter without saying a word about The New Canadian. It is getting better all the time. Many of the articles which have appeared during the past year have been of a high order.

If we have any special message for our Japanese Canadian friends across Canada, it is this: Keep on as you are doing. Look out, not in. Look forward, not backward. We are all Canadians; Canada needs us all.

With best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

Angus and Grace MacInnis
Vancouver, B.C.

HOW TO BE A ROMANTIC

By KEN ADACHI

In the 19th century, the blossoming bleeding romantic wrote poems about, of course, Nature and Love. They were all about the first fine careless rapture of thrushes, skylarks, or nightingales; rosy-bosomed milkmaids; pigs within and without mud; the first dawning of love and unrewarded but pure, good emotions in the hay; and how a middle-aged man "discovered" the country and his soul. This kind of romantic was a man with a vacant, arms-up-to-heaven look, an angelic bird twittering for cookie-crumbs, spouting a farrago of impassioned, sexless, fluting, lyrical moonshines. He was a Gainsborough boy, with curling locks, flowing ties, and a tongue dripping with aesthetics.

Today, a new fashion in romantics has arisen, though traces of the old still survive. Look, for example, at all the love-letters that are collected posthumously, and sold in the book marts. None of these letters see print while the writer is alive; they have apparently shuttled back and forth like dark, incommunicable secrets. They are so bloodless in their ethereal, phantasmal fragility, in the whispering of mind to mind, so beautiful in their beating of luminous angel-wings in the void; you only a cloven-footed businessman would not respond to them. The writer, among other things, might wish he were a girdle about his love's dainty waist; and if he were, he could hear her heart beat, and apparently the only way he sees how to do it is to get himself turned into a girdle. He could just rest there and fall and rise all day, and have a fine time.

Yet, I think they are spurious. They are chinless, refinings-to-an-essence, all calculated to nurture the romantic fallacy. Unmask the author, and you will probably find a cat-patting, eyeglassed, herringboned spinster, a dyspeptic dog at her side, down in her cups and up in her menopause.

Today's romantic is a bawd. He makes common noises, lurches in bathrooms, and makes an unholy nuisance of himself. And any would-be romantic who wishes to make an impression on the world of letters will never make the grade unless he doffs his cloak of respectability. Otherwise he is doomed to eternal immurement in coterie magazines with a circulation of ten university professors and a woman who once counted the hairs on Shakespeare's hand. The new romantic must possess boundless conceit, a prodigious thirst for gin and amorality, a bottomless despair alternating with exuberance, a furious disdain of "common sense" and those who advocate its vain rhetoric. And most important of all, he must have friends with money to fall back on. I might have gone a long way in some of these requisites, except that I have never had friends with money.

Only a paragraph or so will suffice to point out what few qualifications I have for writing about this subject. My life so far has been of an extravagantly even dullness. Not a great deal can be told about my earliest years, beyond the fact that I could walk when I was only two years old, and was able to speak in complete sentences by the time I was five. But I do think I have had bad luck. My parents had no idea how to nurture a genius. They kept me well-fed, clothed and sent me to school; and I have not been able to shake off these regular habits until it is too late. They did not look in the brown eyes, or how with secret longings, beneath the prominent brow, a soul raged in their child. To me debauch and the comradeship of women were denied. I was too young to go to war; and even now there is no decent war to go to.

Whereas others have had turning-points in their lives, I have had none. I have never read an autobiography of a romantic yet that was not full of turning-points. Early in life, the heavens must split asunder, peel back layer after layer, disintegrate in a great white sheet of flame, to reveal in the very heart of the vast cataclysm the key that will unlock the way to Beauty and Truth. No amount of desire on my part has produced this necessary result. This is what happened, for example, to Keats when he first read Chapman's translation of Homer. (You know how it goes; how Keats felt like Cortez and his men in seeing the Pacific for the first time; how they "look'd at each other with a wild surmise—Silent, upon a peak in Darien".) I have had my emotions, like everybody else, on reading poetry, and I dare say I could describe them; but it seems to me that they came gradually and rather too late in life to be of interest to the public. Thus Greatness was not thrust upon me. My life has not been a time of wild portent and high wind; it has been pretty well devoid of significance. I see no reason why it should take up much of our time.

The new tradition of the romantic has it that he must be the Roaring Boy of the pubs, making sucking noises on his marijuana, and occasionally writing a poem or a novel, blowing a tune, a little out of his mind. This kind of activity makes him a Pure Genius, a Romantic Anarchist; and he is idolized by flocks of nervous persons who are vaguely persecuted by fat, flustered wives; and licking the steak off their mouths in envy, wishing they too had a chance for a run-and-a-go at it. Perhaps you think I am shovelling the irrelevance too thickly, that I am, as it were, speaking over my hat. But no, this is simply meant to be instructive; the myth of the romantic is a fostering, boistering one; and there is much to be gained on its bandwagon, besides rounds of flat drinks.

At 20, there is still hope, but by the time one approaches 30, there is very little hope for a romantic career. Life ends at about 30 for the romantic; for, the most important requisite for the romantic is to die young. And being 30 is decidedly over-the-hill, and one can only resign oneself to a long lifetime of boredom with the cats and finger-cracking memories. "To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstacy", is impossible for the middle-aged, water-sprinkled minds of those 30-and-over, who have TV payments, children, and jobs to worry about. With regular habits and responsibility, it is impossible to contract a disease—the voice throbbing in a dry throat—and die of, say, acute alcoholism or cirrhosis of the liver. Regular habits are essential, but they must all be bad ones. Supposing we still had a lot of romantics around, and they began to get middle-aged and started developing a paunch? I can hardly imagine anything more unfitting. These are usually put out to pasture as university lecturers, existentialists, exhibitionists or CBC announcers.

Death must come quickly to the romantic; life must be simply a swift, rowdy path to the grave for him. In life, he is simply one who is putting on airs, puckering his lips, singing sotto voce in a choir of hell-bound madrigals. But put him under some heavy clods of earth, whiskey-embalm him in a casket, and overnight he will be the idol of thousands, who will mourn his death (although they did not know him when he was alive), and read his slim volume of verse or whatever he wrote. And his relatives will reap ample capital from the royalties on his biographies and memoirs. Look at all the books and magazine articles and movies today that foster the romantic legend; and the money they make for widow-black spouses. I do not think it is relevant to point out what kind of genius the romantic must have; scarcely anyone really pays much attention to his real talent, that which puts him a step or two above an ordinary harlequin. I think I have mis-spent my life; it is a pity, for today there is a real, and insatiable, demand for romantics.

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Season's Greetings



NISEI FLYERS HOCKEY CLUB

TORONTO, Ont.



KEY MEN of the Nisei Flyers are (left to right): **DAVE SUNOHARA**, top Nisei goal scorer for the past two years with over 20 tallies each year; currently among top five scorers in the league. **MOE MOLNAR**, East Toronto Hockey League's Most Valuable Player, 1954-55 and 1955-56. **RALPH RUFFO**, now in second year with Double S, the key man in the Niseis' championship year; joined the Niseis after playing in the OHA Senior B League. **ROY KOBAYASHI**, captain of the Double S team, now in his tenth season with the Nisei; Koby is the only player left from the original Flyers team organized ten years ago. **SATCH FUJIMOTO**, smooth skater who started his hockey career with Rhodes AC; also played with Downsview Canadiens and Lakeshore Bruins in the OHA Junior B loop; now in his third year in the East End circuit.

—PHOTOS BY NOBBY WAKAYAMA

Introducing the NISEI FLYERS...

The old cliche, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again" is a fitting one for the Nisei Flyers. After nine years of trying, they finally hit the hockey jackpot last spring, when they won the East Toronto Championship, climaxing a torrid late season surge. They won it the hard way too. After floundering around for a greater portion of the year, the Nisei untracked themselves and won six of their last seven games.

Overcoming heavy odds has always been the trademark of the Flyers. The ten-year history of the Nisei Flyers Hockey Club is marked with similar deeds of heroics.

Paul Tokiwa, Roy Kobayashi, Kaz Ishii, Dave Yonemitsu, Frank Ueda, Joe Wani; these fellows formed the nucleus of the first all Nisei hockey team ever to play in the THL. Consider that they, the founders of this club, were still in their teens and the true worth of their achievements is realized. Throughout their seven-year tenure in the THL, the Nisei were a self-supporting group. The money for equipment, ice fees, and uniforms came out of the players' pockets. It was not an easy task, trying to make ends meet with such limited finances. The means of transporting players to and from out of town engagements were very scarce in those early days. Very often, the entire team, equipment and all, would be cramped in the back of a single panel truck. The conditions then contrast sharply with the plush conditions under which the Flyers now play.

As defending champs, the Niseis must repeat their success of last year to prove not only to the rest of the league but also to themselves that they are true champions. The opposition has stiffened considerably over last year, and despite the fact that the Flyers have a better balanced club than last year's champions, the road ahead will be rugged. But then again, that's old stuff to the Flyers.

—EDDIE HISAKI

EAST TORONTO HOCKEY LEAGUE CHAMPIONS



MAS NAKAO (left) started coaching the Nisei team in 1950; coached Homestead Restaurant team in the old Nisei League prior to that. Manager **JACKIE TANAKA** retired as active player two years ago; has been managing the Club ever since. **FRANK IDENOUYE**, treasurer, has been a Club Executive for three years.



Left to right, sub-goalie **AL LEWIS**, a member of the East Toronto executive last year; also played goal for the Double S THL affiliate. The five defensemen: **IAN MACPHERSON**, an outstanding man on defense, now in his second year with the Flyers; Mac is a graduate of OHA Junior B. **JOE TOGAWA**, the most improved rearguard on the team; to date he has been the outstanding defenseman on the squad. **HANK KONDRIT**, now in his fifth year with the Flyers; starred in final game of championship series. **GEORGE ANZAI**, an All-Star defenseman two years ago who gained his hockey experience in Alberta. **BILL BEYAK**, rugged newcomer with the Double S this year; had previous experience with Lakeshore Bruins in the OHA Junior B League. At the right is forward **PETE YAWNEY**, Flyers' prize catch of the year; rugged and capable of scoring goals; currently tied for club leadership with Jim Molnar in goals scored with seven.



The seven other forwards: **MAJOR FUKUMOTO**, who after scoring 15 goals in his first year in the East Toronto League had a bad year due to injuries; seems to have regained his scoring touch this season. **LOU LUCHETTA**, smooth skater who has improved continuously each year; started out on defense three years ago, and is now playing on the forward line. **ROY TANAKA**, one of the Flyers' speediest forwards; injured two weeks ago just when he appeared to be hitting his stride. **JIM MACILLWAINE**, a three-year veteran in the league; was Flyers' leading goal scorer two years ago. **SHO MORI**, second to Captain Roy Kobayashi in point of service with the Flyers; injured in exhibition match a few weeks back and is not expected to rejoin the team until the New Year. **JOHNNY BANKS**, another second year man; a digger who has seen action at all three forward positions. **KEN EDAMURA**, scrappy centre who played for both Nisei and THL last year.

THE NEW CANADIAN

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR ISSUE

DON'T YOU DARE!

by SUE SADA



SYLVESTER was the kind of boy of whom the neighbors said with a sigh: "Oh no!"

It wasn't that they didn't like him. They did. They agreed, when they could speak of him dispassionately, that he was really a very nice little boy, very intelligent . . . but omigosh, cross the road when you see him coming!

You see, Sylvester was Mr. Curiosity himself, and there was no end of questions he could ask about everything from: "Why have you got green stripes on your tie, Mr. Bill?" to "Why did the Rushings throw that thing up in the sky and why can't I see it?" The last question developed so fast into "What's the name of the thing, Mr. Bill, and did you see it, and can you take me to where I can see it, and why can't I anyway?", that Mr. Bill had to sit down awhile after he was safe inside his home and talk to himself.

However, the incident that set the neighborhood in a tizzy . . . tizzy my eye! The situation became dynamite, and Sylvesters parents didn't know what to do with him, with themselves, or anyone else. As I was saying, the incident that blew up the neighborhood happened because the parents of this boy, Sylvester that is, decided to sell their house and move to a place with a bigger yard for him.

As different real estate agents brought prospective buyers to see the house, Sylvester had the time of his life asking them each one if they would buy the house, and wasn't it a nice house, and did they have children his size, and when were they going to move in. The prospects smiled at him in a vague sort of way. When agents and buyers weren't around Sylvester had long chats with the neighbors and kept them up-to-date on the situation.

"Missis Winnie. . . .! Know what? 'Nother man and a lady came to see the house. Las' time was only a lady, and when I asted her where her daddy was she laughed and said he was working yet and couldn't come, so I asted her if she would bring him next time and she said she might do just that, she said. She was nice. She had awf'ly nice teeth. Gosh they was ever white!"

The neighbors looked out of their windows regularly to see how the real estate agent was making out with the sale. Once in a while they would stop Sylvester's mother on the street to see how things were, and they enlarged on the risks of buying and selling, how you had to make sure you were selling to reliable people, and you had to be careful about a lemon. Sylvester as usual was listening with both his ears and eyes.

"Mommy, what's a lemon house? Are you going to buy a lemon house, eh Mom?"

"Quiet Sylvester, Mummy's talking to Mrs. Belle."

"Yes Mommy, I'm sorry Mommy, but are you going to buy a lemon house?"

"Syl-ves-ter!"

"I pollijize . . . but Mommy . . . oh all right!"

His mother had begun to take ahold of his right ear, and Mrs. Belle was grinning in anticipation. Sylvester often had to relax his questions when his mother decided his ears needed tightening.

If the neighbors were interested enough in the coming move to stop to talk about it to Sylvester's mother, you can bet your bottom dollar that Sylvester himself was frantic with interest. He wanted to know everything about every phase of the prospective sale; he wanted to know who was going to buy and who was going to have his room and who was going to have his corner of the little backyard.

"I have to know, Mommy, so I can tell them zackly about ever'thing!"

As is usual about this kind of business, prospective buyers came and went, and some came back, and Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester's-parents were kept in a constant dither as real estate agents phoned, and people phoned, and they came to see the place, and walked through the rooms at the oddest times. Sylvester also was in a constant state of ecstasy as he cornered everyone and asked his questions, and volunteered his store of pertinent information.

"See this thing? And all the shelves? This is for your little boy so he don't get dirty feet on the rugs and he puts his rubbers and gloshes here and his cans and his outside toys. Daddy made it."

Sylvester's parents loved him with their glance but pinched his ears to let him know he was talking too much and bothering grown-ups again. So, every once in a while Sylvester would subside. But, did you ever know an active volcano to stop bubbling? He examined minutely everyone that came to look at the house. He appraised them as acutely as any personnel manager, and he never failed to give his opinions about them all.

"Mommy, please don't sell this house to that lady with the shiny glasses. Please Mommy? She doesn't like little children and she'll be mean to Susie next door. I know she will."

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester's-parents were amazed to realize the perception that lay in their son's judgment and they looked at each other as if to say: How do little kids know such things? They were too old to remember that small ones, like the inarticulate animals, must rely a good deal on instinct to preserve their security. Sylvester, if they were conscious of it at all, was more than ordinarily sensitive to people and their reactions. Curious little boys are sharp about such things. They wouldn't know how to explain it but they would know all right.

The day came when the prospects narrowed down to two couples, though one

(Continued on next page)

Judges' Comments on the Literary Contest . . .

Originality or even the occasional flash of brilliance are not the marks of the entries in this year's literary contest. Perhaps it is not too much to expect these qualities among writers who should have so much to say; however, these qualities are lacking. Yet *The New Canadian's* literary contest is always an interesting project: there is so much expectation in the air. The package-opening is never wholly disappointing. The judgment has not been caustic or hypercritical, for the final criterion is surely a mixture of objective criticism and "understanding," vague and amorphous as it sounds.

Among the 16 entries, the poetic impulse is most prevalent; there was only one short story submitted. The ages of the contestants range from 12 to 53 years of age; and for most, this is their first appearance on these pages. It is also interesting to note that they make their homes in various cities across Canada, and thus this contest is not an esoteric or parochial affair.

There is, in general, an intellectual softness in the entries, a lack of skill in making the language work for them, a carelessness in details of composition, a failure to polish. There is, on the other hand, no lack of ideas; and it is gratifying to note that the over-worked and sometimes suffocating tradition of social consciousness has largely disappeared into limbo. This is certainly a strange trend when measured against the private and public agonies of the past generation of Nisei writers who now seem irretrievably lost in the forgotten veil of misty tears. Instead, we have these young writers looking into themselves through the familiar themes of life and love. And if they look outside of themselves, it is to a half-realized communion with the soft fall of leaves.

Perhaps the best of the lot is a group of poems by Allan Watanabe, of which two have been chosen. His *Facade* is an attempt to come to terms with appearance and reality, leading to the overwhelming questions: what is their nature? His poetic language is somewhat uncertain: the imagery is bare and sparse; and he favors the direct, rather than the oblique, evocation of suggestion. There is not yet an integrated pattern of sound, image, symbol, and metaphor that is often the basis for a more succinct statement of poetic argument. Yet what strikes the reader is the record of a mental struggle, the hollow mockery of Eliot:

Yours is but to play a part,
Take your brief fling on-stage,
And walk down the pseudo-street.

In his *Hollow Eloquence* there is a rather dry-voiced editorializing on our dreadful contemporary world: the writer is a flotsam in a faithless universe. The central idea is here more economical in expression; and the imagery, though somewhat bleeding-bodied in its unconscious cliches, is at least suggestive and musical. There is no gainsaying, however, the intensity of the writer in both these poems. I suspect their author has the ability to do some good work.

In Lynn Tacheri's *Panorama*, the poetic theme is opposite in its attempt at a back-to-the-grass-roots sweep. It is, again, rather bare of striking image or sensuous word; and there is something very pale and remote about the emotion. Yet the antithesis have balance, and the poem does have a firm, structured pattern.

In T.Y.K.'s *From the Heart of an Issei Father* we have an epistolary reworking of a familiar theme. Behind the obviously restraining barriers of language, the Issei writer's emotions come bounding forth in comparative freshness and poignancy. Martha Katsuta's prose-poem, *Indian Summer*, has a charming, youthful feeling, and some attempt to write with style.

These are perhaps the best of the entries, though there has been no attempt to list them in order of merit. Mention should also be made of 12-year-old David Ishikawa's *The Bazooka*, Oscar Hatashita's short story, *The New Businessman*, and Kenneth Koyama's *Why Nisei Clubs?* They are, on the whole, slightly jejune, and need some more polish to be really successful. It is surprising that there were no attempts at reviews or whimsy in the non-fiction category. Hatashita's short story was the only entry in that genre, and as such deserves an honorable meneion.

Nisei are not given to prolific writing activity; and there does seem to be an increasing decline of interest during the postwar years. We have no Angry Young Men, and we suppose it is simply because there is not enough intellectual tension in the air, not enough things to become angry or perturbed about. There is too much prosperity, cheerfulness, and unintellectual activity. And literary activity is surely intellectual; it needs hard brain work and much apprenticeship in the craft of using words. The *Literary Contest* is a means of encouraging writers in their apprenticeship. There are no hard and fast standards; in fact they are extremely flexible. And there is room for more and more writers.

KEN ADACHI
For the panel of judges

don't you dare!

(Continued)



of them was holding back because of the down payment. They were still a little short of the amount and they didn't like to say so. The other couple were a doctor and his wife and their twin sons.

Sylvester had not seen the twin sons because they were at school all the times their father or mother came to the house, and Sylvester was on fire to see them. No, matter how many times his mother explained, he simply could not visualize two boys looking the same, having the same birthday. He put it up to the doctor's wife.

"Mrs. Doctor, couldn't you bring your little boys, the twins you know, the next time you come here to see the house? I gotta see them. I never saw twins before and I want to see one. Will you please, huh?"

Mrs. Doctor looked at Sylvester with a very understanding smile, and Sylvester involuntarily smiled at her. She was swell. He didn't mind selling her the house at all, but surely everyone could see the problem presented by the fact that they, the twins were double, and he, Sylvester was single, and how were two going to have only one that Sylvester was leaving . . . the little garden, his shelves, his room? Division had to be seen so that multiplication would be okay. Mrs. Sylvester's-mother looked at Mrs. Doctor, laughed a little apologetically, and asked:

"How about it? It would be very nice if you and your husband and your sons would come, perhaps on Sunday afternoon for tea? I'm sure your boys are as curious as my Sylvester to see their new home and how they are going to fit into it. Do come."

Mrs. Sylvester's-mother was a very lovely lady in spite of her freckles, and she had a very winning smile. How could Mrs. Doctor refuse? She accepted for herself and her family. Thus it was all arranged, and Sylvester was beside himself with curiosity and anticipation and plans. He told Mrs. Winnie, and Mrs. Belle, and Mrs. White and everybody he could corner before they got away. That's how it happened that the whole neighborhood knew by evening that the Sunday guests at Sylvester's home were the prospective-and-practically-decided new residents.

Came Sunday afternoon.

The neighbors, with nonchalant curiosity, were draped and arranged in several vantage points outside and inside, in order to take the measure of the new neighbors-to-be.

A black sedan rolled slowly down the street, and came to a stop in front of Sylvester's place. It wasn't a new car, but it was a nice car. Two doors flew open, the car door and the house door. As was to be expected Sylvester couldn't wait, and so he flew out of the house, tore down the front steps, and banged headlong into a boy coming out of the car. Sylvester giggled with excitement and looked up while the doctor's son grinned widely and looked down at the little red-headed, freckled boy.

The neighbors leaned out of themselves in sympathetic curiosity, while Mrs. Belle's first half-smile turned gradually into a round-eyed "O-OH!" She turned to Mrs. White, flicking her head sharply in the direction of the car and its emerging occupants, and Mrs. White acknowledged the nudge with her mouth and lips pouting downwards. She grunted, and said under her breath:

"Whaddyaknow!"

By this time, the doctor and his wife had come out onto the sidewalk, and the other son slid out of the back seat, and all were contemplating little Sylvester with warm appreciative smiles, as that boy frankly stared from one twin to the other in astonished realization. They were indeed two-of-a-kind, with the same kind of hair, same suit, same kind of ties, and shoes, and by golly they even had the same kind of grin. Sylvester was enchanted. Completely oblivious of grown-ups and neighbors alike, he took the twins by the hand and pulled them toward the house. For once Sylvester was speechless. The quartet followed him up and into the house.

As soon as the door closed on the guests at Sylvester's place, the neighbors congregated in twos and threes and began talking, with many a side glance at the car and at the house. You could see some of the men turning away with a scornful sweep of their arms toward the gossiping women. One woman seemed to be the butt of several other women talking at her at once, and she was apparently trying to back out of the situation. One man had his hands in his back pocket and was talking earnestly to another woman who was nodding her head in agreement. Sylvester's mother happened to glance out of the window at that moment and suddenly her heart constricted with misgivings. She swept a swift glance at her guests but they seemed unaware of anything other than being welcomed and settling down to a visit. Time had not stopped, just because the subject of this neighborhood interest was a family of Negroes, a doctor, his wife, and twin sons.

The next day, as was to be expected, Sylvester toured the neighborhood full of the most exciting thing that had happened to him . . . recently, that is. He visited Mrs. Belle and Mrs. White and Mrs. Winnie. Is fact he yearned to find as many as he could so that he could talk about the wonders of a pair of twins.

"'Magine! Mrs. Belle, even the names they got is sound the same! Know what? One of them is Donald, and the other one is Ronald. Gee, and they can skate! When I get big like them I'm gonna skate. I'm gonna get ezpert skates like they got with ever-so-sharp razor blades. Yup!"

Mrs. Belle struggled briefly with her sense of fitness . . . she really shouldn't be talking to Sylvester about it . . . but. . . .

"Your Momma really going to sell to those . . . uh, colored people?"

"Yup. Why?"

Mrs. Belle rolled her eyes helplessly. She asked for it. She should not have asked Sylvester of all people. Now, the boy was looking at her with big speculative eyes, the mechanics of his dawning curiosity getting into high gear. She had to get him out of her kitchen before she got involved in something that made her uneasy.

"Uh . . . look, Sylvester. . . I have to go shopping. You run along home now and tell your mother I've got the recipe she wanted, Eh?

Sylvester, however was in his groove. He rolled.

"Color people, Mrs. Belle? What kind of color? I didn't see no color. Did they have color? What kind, Mrs. Belle?"

The boy was slightly worried. Had he missed something? Was there something so interesting as color about the doctor and his family that he had missed? Oh dear, dear, dear, he hadn't meant to miss anything about them. What color did Mrs. Belle see? Pretty ones? Bright ones?. Different ones? Whereabouts?

"Oh don't be silly, Sylvester. I mean they're negroes. Black, y'know."

"They were not!" Sylvester was indignant that Mrs. Belle should take him for a ninny who didn't know what black was. "They had a black car, is all!"

"Oh what difference does it make!" snapped Mrs. Belle impatiently, "They're still black, . . . colored. That's what we call them, silly boy!"

This was something Sylvester had to think about, so he backed out of the kitchen politely, and straight-way went to his source of knowledge, his mother. This lady had been half-expecting her son to report back to his base, so when she saw him slowly headed her way, his eyes far away where his thinking went on, she girded herself for the difficult task of explaining prejudice, and the necessity to overcome it.

"Mommy, why did Mrs. Belle say Mrs. Doctor and them was black?"

"Oh, did she say that, dear?"

Mrs. Sylvester's-mother had a moment of weakness as she stalled for time. How was she going to explain to a five-year-old?

". . . and she said they was colored. I didn't see no color, Mommy, did they have colors Mommy? Did you see it?"

"Well, Sylvester darling, you've got red hair and so have I."

"Oh . . . yeah!" H'm-med the boy, light suddenly dawning, "Yeah, Mommy, they had an awful dark hair. But it

black. I know what black looks ... Black's like their car. Then, are ... people, eh? 'cause we got red hair?"

"... dear, but we are called white peo... ...use our skins are white . . . that ... had mental picture of her hus... summer tan) underneath, our ... are much whiter than some people ... You know, Susu on the next block? ... Japanese and remember how her ... sort of different from mine?"

"...'s got nice skin, Mommy, it's ... smooth and she never gets sun... like me. I wish I had her kind, M... Sunburn hurts."

"... dear, and her hair is black, re...?"

"... I know, Mommy, but it's not curly like Mrs. Doctor's or yours. Susu gets ... She told me. And anyway, ... Mrs. Belle like people that have ... hair? Why did she say Mrs. Doc... ...d the twins had color?"

"Well, dear, when some people look different other people are a little afraid and when they are afraid, or feel kind of uncomfortable, they say they don't like those different people. Remember the little duck on Grandpa's farm, Sylvester? Remember how he got into the chickens by mistake?"

"I 'member. All the chickens made an awful racket and they were biting the poor little duck, even when he was a little bird, too! That wasn't fair Mommy. Don't the chicken know that the little duck is a bird, too?"

"He wasn't a chicken, dear. You see, animals can't think like we do, so you can't blame them if they don't know things. People are different from animals, Sylvester. People can think and figure things out. So they should know that lots of people look different and dress different and do things different from us, but they are still people. Do you understand, dear?"

"Kind of, Mommy. Then Mrs. Doctor's got color because she's different? Then Mrs. White's got color because she's awful different from you Mommy. Know what? Mrs. White's skin is all wrinkled like that old apple I found in the closet once. She's a hunnerd years old I bet. Mrs. Doctor isn't, but she's nice like you and I like her. Mommy?"

"What, dear?"

"Mrs. White made a mean face when I hold her Mr. Doctor can fix sick people and when she gets her kin-ney troubles he can fix her and she said "I bet he would!" and that didn't sound nice, Mommy. Do you think she'll be mean to the twins? If she is . . . oboyoboy . . . I'm gonna . . . I'm gonna. . ."

"Sylvester!"

"Well, I'm gonna tell her she's got color because she sure looks different! So there! I think I don't like her much."

"Sylvester! You mustn't say mean things to Mrs. White just because you don't like her. You know that, don't you dear?"

"Oh sure, but just the same Mommy, if she looks mean some more when I tell her 'bout the twins and all, I'll just tell her! I think Ronald and Donald is just fine and I like 'em."

As far as Sylvester was concerned, that was that!

His mother wisely left it at that. Time enough for more talks later on, and as he grew older. He was doing all right so far, and she could depend on his curiosity to be asking more and more questions. Perhaps someday he would be able to answer his own questions and think about them, to make a distinction where personal likes and dislikes seemed to war with the principle of the matter.

Sylvester went around with his little crusade, though he certainly did not know it as such. Mrs. White and her kind became very excited and talked about petitions, and they even went so far as to cut Sylvester's parents dead on the streets. The whole thing progressed to such ridiculous lengths that finally Sylvester's father put his foot down. Up till then he hadn't thought too much about the problem one way or the other. He didn't mind selling his house to the doctor, and who cared if the fellow was a Negro, for gosh sakes! He went over to see Mr. Bill.

"Now see here, Bill, hasn't this thing gone far enough?"

Mr. Bill looked guilty, but pretended he didn't know what was travelling so far. He shrugged slightly. He, too was getting a little fed up, and the sooner little Sylvester moved out of the neighborhood, the sooner he'd be able to enjoy coming home. He hated brats that asked so darned many questions.

"Bill?" Sylvester's father was insistent.

"Well, I tell you what," sighed Mr. Bill, "I don't care if you sell your house or not. You have a perfect right to move away. Who you sell it to is your business even if it is our tough luck. I'm not saying a thing about the people you sell it to. It's just that I believe in peace and quiet around here and we're getting precious little as long as . . . oh well, skip it."

"You mean you don't like the idea of the colored folk moving into this neighborhood, is that it?"

"Oh now, don't get me wrong! I've got nothing against them. White's the fella who's dead set against them. You should go over and see him! It's just that I'm getting sick and tired of the yackety-yak-yak going on 'round here. It's up to you."

"What's up to me?"

"You know what I'm talking about."

"No I don't and what's more I don't think you do yourself."

"Oh have it your way. Now if you'll excuse me. . ." and Bill fled from the discussion, as he had fled from Sylvester's incessant questions.

Sylvester watched his Daddy come home, curious as ever to know why he had gone over to see Mr. Bill. He trotted over to find out, but his parents were deep in discussion, and he knew he was

(Continued on Page Eight)

Surprise!

There came a girl from Palestine
Who had a face like Frankenstein
She was a sorry sight
Her mug was scary as night
Whose face? You guessed it—mine!

—Martha Katsuta

Facade

By A. S. WATANABE

So there you stand,
lonely,
in this crowded city,
Where love, hope, disillusion
are there to defraud.
You fight it, you struggle,
you wallow in pity;
But crying or laughing,
You prop your facade.

I

Bring up the lights;
Let the rheostats whine
And the lamps glow
Not glare.
Don't let the brightness
Shatter the rightness
Of the set.
Don't let the harsh light
Reveal
The falsity of the facade.
The dim glow
Makes the false front real.
Move that curtain—
Shift that window.

They will not see
That this
Is a street of dreams
With cardboard buildings
Leaning on lumber.
Hide the dust
And dirty paper on dirty floors—
Crumpled coffee-cups;
This is where the set must be real,
For they want the reality
Of false fronts;
This is where falsity
Is reality.

Bring on the cast.
You know your part—
Play it.
Don't open that door,
Close it quickly!
They must not
Realize reality;
There's nothing there:
They would rather see
A false something
Than a real
Nothing.

Do your bit.
Walk down the street of the set,
But leave the props alone.
Don't open that door.
You're only an actor—don't linger
And pause to peer
Into doorways and windows
And despair.
The paper and paint
Are adequate
For the player to finish his scene,
For the player to see only
What he should:
"Our's is not to reason why,
Our's is but to do. . ."
But why?

Slam that door!
Keep it closed!
Play your part.
Don't see.
Don't think.

Not pausing, not lingering, not peering—
Spared from despairing,
Yours is but to play a part.
Take your brief fling on-stage,
And walk down the pseudo-street
Into a ready-made sunset.

II

Then let it end.
E'en though it ne'er began,
It can end,
For it blazed
To its moment of glory,
(However false, however wrong,
Still glorious)
And died to dust.

Sweep the dust
behind the curtains.

Then
The hysterical search
For hysterical gaiety;
A superficial repetition of the cry,
"Let's live a little!"

No use.
Another front.
And all fronts are false.

The laughter was hollow
From the void within,
And the hollowness
Spread
With a silent whisper,
Until your whole existence
Resounded
With agony.

Where were you?

Where did the dreams end
And the mass
Of disconnected,
Relentless
Reality
Begin?
You made your dreams too real,
And reality
Became a dream.

Where are you?

You started with love,
And now, why disillusion?
When hope was, so disillusion—
Love, hope, disillusion—
This treacherous trinity
Scan the same script—
Why didn't you see it
Then?
Because it was so strong.
Because you were so weak.
Because.

Before, during, after,
You could not,
Would not,
Discern
Where reality
Merged with dreams.

So there
Was your false reality;
The false front
In all its cardboard cruelty
Supported
By the two-by-fours
Of your false pride
And vain hopes.

You ran in and out of doors
And left them open.
You would not know
That you must laugh
And deny it,
Or cry
And accept it.
For tears are behind the scenes,
The facade.

Check all tears at the door.
--and close it.

You would not know that
"It is not both true that you can eat your. . ."
Regardless,
You ate your cake.

A cake in the hand
is worth two in the stomach.

You did not know.
You did not know
Whether you were
Banging your head against a brick wall
Or a cardboard facsimile.
Same difference.
Love thrived on hope,
Hope lived on love,
And they gave birth to
Disillusion.

One love is but one dream
—dream on you fool. . . .

So there you stand,
lonely,
on that make-believe stair.
Step down to the street now,
let the audience applaud.
No pausing, no peering—
slam the door on despair!
Find a ready-made sunset
And prop your facade.

LITERARY

THE NEW CANADIAN

From the Heart of an Issei Father

By T. Y. K.

DEAR Daughter,

I am writing to you tonight from my bedside.

On the day of your departure, I knew there was ample time to catch the train, calculating a traffic congestion. My eyes were set on the road, and I was driving cautiously.

Yet my mind was off the road, for I was thinking of the many things that I wanted to tell you before you left. So much to tell, and so much to consider. Finally my mind went blank—there was nothing I could say . . . there was no way to express my thoughts. . .

Since I am an Issei father, there should have been a common interest between us. Perhaps there was one, but we missed it. Brought up in a different tradition and environment, a different time and age, with linguistic and other difficulties, a stupid father was never able to catch up with the ever-fast pace of progress.

Regardless of my thoughts, you are now grown up to stand on your own two feet. Cheerfully and full of confidence, you are setting out on the golden road of your dreams, your long-cherished desires.—I wanted to say so many things, but too late now; you are gone—

For the brief time at the station, you were, though slightly excited, nonchalantly chatting away in a well-poised manner to your mother and friends. I was meekly standing behind the crowd, only to gaze at you with a pack of emotions within.

I try to step forward to say a few things—? Oh no! I remember—"Father! It's not TAU-SUN-DO! It's a thousand!" and you chuckled, "This is not Japan; this is Canada, and I'm a Canadian. You know that times have changed. . ." and you stared at me with a stern look.

A perplexed father, only looking at you, and slowly realizing that you are growing and maturing. There was a smile and a happiness hidden behind the poker-face of your father.—These are the things that we will never be able to talk about. We lack closeness.

The time is up, and finally you come up to me to kiss my cheek, "Good-bye, Dad", and you turned away, walking briskly after the other passengers. You never turned around to look at me again.

I know you are a courageous and strong girl; yet there is a softness within you, understanding the affection that was never told and never shown. You are grown into ladyhood now.

So much I wanted to tell and so much to show, but it was just an unnecessary anxiety. Perhaps 'twas my ego or my possessiveness.

It doesn't matter—without my telling, without my showing, you received my affection. Now you are gone.

Dear Daughter, do you remember your childhood? Being a laborer, your father went to this camp and that cannery, seldom staying at home to show his affection. Yet you esteemed him highly.

You told me one time—I was interned and you were in a Ghost town. . . . There were occasions when many children of your age donned beautiful kimonos and danced on the stage. You, too, wanted to dance so much, but no kimono, only shabby-looking and poor. "Who cares for me", you thought, "If only father was home. I'd show them that I can dance, and better than them!" and you wept all night, longing for your father to be home.

My dear daughter, on some quiet evenings, recalling the tale that you told, father's imagination would become beyond control, like a nightmare, and I would dash out to get some fresh air to get relief from the aching thought.

The war ended; we came to live in the city. Again my job prevented me from sitting with you at the dinner table. You never had a chance to sit on my lap, nor sit beside me—those things that I wanted so much, but the days are gone forever. Yet you call me "Dad" as though you never missed my affection. Forgive me, my child, for the care that I could not show. Without my help, without my care, you have grown to maturity. Now you are gone.

Dear Daughter, you are gone to give yourself a chance and to prove yourself. Although you have left behind the impression that you are an able girl, you are heading for an artist's life, the hardest career to be chosen, for I know your line of work.

My dear, the accomplishment or attainment of a certain goal must always be preceded by hard work, concentration, endurance and courage. I know you are an able girl to take these things in stride. Furthermore, there should be talent and luck with you. I know all these potentialities of an artist are within you. However, giving yourself a chance to prove yourself is a different story.

Leaving home for a distant place changes your entire environment, and the world is wide open to you. You'll face many things that you've never met before. You'll pick up many things that you never knew, things which may interest or disinterest you. Then, there comes, because you are a woman, the natural desire and the passion. These may disrupt the pursuit of your career.

Picking up and getting to know many and varied interests which come your way, your singleness of purpose may become lost and your will to do may repose.

Oh my dear! You are stepping into a thorny road. Do prepare, and learn to control. To control yourself. The physical and the mental; health is your only asset. Take care to preserve your beauty and nobleness.

Moreover, when one becomes an artist, the destination becomes farther. The farther one reaches, the more boundless becomes the horizon for one who is looking for perfection, because this perfection will never be gained by man's ability.

My dear, whenever difficulties are against you, please ask your "capital F" Father in an honest prayer. He'll lead you to a righteous road and to a goal. Do not, by any means, forget Mother "R's" advice, for you are a devout Catholic. Although I am Buddhist, I know that she speaks a God's will.

All these belated affections written in harsh words. . . . You may frown instead of chuckle. You may say "Oh Dad, I wish you'd mind your own business!"

But, Daughter, the inescapable ties are bounded by blood. Your sorrow is my sorrow, and your happiness is my happiness.

Good-bye for now, till we meet again; on the day that you fulfill your desires, we'll join for joy and laughter.

Goodnight, darling,
[illegible]

CONTEST

Wednesday, December 25, 1957

Panorama

By LYNN TACHERI

The jagged mountain spears its lofty head into the snow above:
Below the emeralds glisten among the valleys hemmed with green spires:
These are the Rockies!

The jagged promontories gush into the blue-green tide ever-shifting:
High above the forests hide their faces from the west-born winds:
These are the Western coasts!

The jagged turrets, grey-hot pyramids sink into the whiteless blue:
Nearby the green bread ripens upon the straight-paned tables:
These are the Prairies!

The smoke diffuses up into the silver-grey screen above:
Against the whining whistles' blow, a child's naked cry competes:
This is Man's!

Why Nisei Clubs?

By KENNETH KOYAMA, Vancouver

In Canada today there is an alarming number of Nisei clubs prevalent in the universities, cities and towns. To name just a few of these types: Nisei varsity clubs; Japanese Canadian fellowship groups; and Nisei athletic clubs.

Why Nisei clubs? In discussing this problem, perhaps the underlying etiology of such clubs can be found in the socio-cultural background of the Japanese Canadian. This milieu tends to make the individual a withdrawn, reserved, and unaggressive stereotype.

One might rightly ask, what is wrong with being such a personality?

Initially this represents regression and a definite static form of human existence. We were not placed on earth to remain in suspension, but to strive ahead in the socio-cultural plane of life.

The tendency of this generation in grouping together can be defined as a form of an aggressive act to counteract the equally resistant opposition. Every individual who may desire to break away from such groups is faced with two opposing dynamic ideologies.

On the one hand his fellow members are apt to resent his departure from the group since their existence depends entirely on support and continuity.

Assuming that this individual manages to escape the relative comforts of these organizations, he is now faced with the difficult task of being accepted by the related organization. By these we mean the Caucasian group.

To progress and be counted as Canadians, we must abolish this form of isolationism and participate in various communal and universal affairs. There are a number of civic organizations that do not practise intolerance against race, creed or color. Our future, then, lies in integration within these groups.

The greatest obstacles in forming Nisei groups are isolationism, futility and ignorance. An interesting paradox is the fact that these groups themselves discriminate in that they restrict their membership to particular ethnic groups. Who are we then, to condemn others who do not permit non-whites into their select societal groups?

The justification of their existence cannot be clearly defined in the wake of human civilization and destiny. It can be clearly stated, however, that the Nisei clubs have served their purpose, and an early abolition is urgently submitted. The immediate task of existing clubs should be to educate their members to integrate into accessible societal organizations. The continuance of such groups tend only to widen the ugly gap of ignorance.

It can be appreciated that strong opposition will be voiced by many who feel it will become virtually impossible to maintain social intercourse insofar as "finding mates" is concerned. Surely individuals are endowed with adequate resources to overcome this minor difficulty.

The reader should not allow the harshness of this thesis to shake his duty in the magnificent future of mankind. He should find an incentive in the solitude of certain hours and be more determined to fulfill his task.

Indian Summer

By MARTHA KATSUTA, Raymond, Alta.

LOVELY Indian Summer, with her delightful charms and beauty, reigns supreme throughout the land. Autumn has withdrawn her melancholy presence, and is permitting this gracious queen to rule for a brief interlude before Winter clamps her frigid fetters over the countryside. Indian Summer, swirling her royal robe of brilliantly tinged scarlet and gold leaves in her breathless passage across her realm, fills the hills, the wooded glens, the rivers and the mountains with color and with song; her rich laughter rings out alluringly in the zephyr as it dances on its carefree gypsy way. And she tints the heavens with a soft, O so beautiful azure—a hue of infinite splendor that fills one with vague regrets and wistful yearnings for the heart knows not what. Longingly one reaches out to clasp her. But always she remains elusive and intangible—a laughing will-o-the-wisp that beckons the seeker ever onward, while imparting gaiety and warmth wherever she treads. Besides her ostentatious glory, she also bestows a dreamy tranquility that gently pervades the land, suspending all hectic activities and cares of this dizzy life. Indian Summer's magic does not end with the day. For in the night she displays for all to behold her glistening tiara of multifarious stars that glimmer in a radiant and exquisite loveliness. The houses, the road, the trees, the pathway and the dew-sparkling earth are all transformed by the luminous, silver rays of the incredibly large and lustrous harvest moon that floats serenely in the velvety firmament. The only sound that breaks the utter stillness of a world slumbering in sweet and peaceful repose is the song of the nocturnal crickets impishly chirping their clear, high refrain. Suddenly the ephemeral, mystical queen is gone. Alas, she has glided away silently on invisible wings, evanescing enigmatically to one knows not where, merely leaving behind a nostalgic, wistful memory of unsurpassed magical splendor and enchantment lingering faintly on the still, empty air.

Hollow Eloquence

By A. S. WATANABE

In despair
Cry out
With nothing to cling to
When faith is cast adrift,
Drowning in mockery,
And the tides claim
The now unanchored
Hope and pride
Dashed
Against the treacherous rocks,
Leaving as pawn
Mere driftwood
On the grating sands.

There—
Stripped, tossed, rejected
By the raging sea;
Lost, bewildered, impotent
On the barren beach—
Identify in anonymity
With driftwood.

There
In despair
Cry out
For something to cling to,
A starting place. . .
Hope. . .

And across the moonlit strand,
Wail o'er the waves
For faith afloat;
Cry,
Though strength be gone,
And in full eloquence
Your only tongue
Is but a cry.

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Toronto, Ont.

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The New Businessman

By OSCAR HATASHITA

Osamu was waiting for customers. Only two months in business, he was having it tough. Business was slow—so so slow that today the welcome sound of the door buzzer, indicating a customer, had yet to break the silence of the store. He was worried.

"Strange," he thought, as he wandered back for the broom. "Ten-thirty, and not one customer yet. Well, I'll sweep the floor and dust the merchandise."

As he swept, Osamu wondered, "Isn't my show window attractive enough? I'll have to make it more colorful the next time. And as Sister Kay says, maybe I should dress neater, too. Still, when a fella is boss, janitor, his own cook and everything, how can he keep clean?

"Gosh! Should have had at least one customer by now. Customers are sure funny. Like that kid yesterday—handled practically everything in the store. Maybe I was too hard on him. Kids grow up to be potential customers — and kids have friends—and darn it, a thing like that could snowball."

One o'clock, and still no customer. Pacing about impatiently, Osamu thought, "Better do something to get off worrying about customers. Think I'll get caught up on my bookwork. Seems kind of ridiculous, though, to keep books on my income when I'm almost starving. Let's see—have to mail a cheque to "Direct Factory Sales" pretty soon. Gee! Wonder if my merchandise is right for this district? Yeah, better watch myself when that high pressure salesman comes again.

"Darn it, why doesn't somebody—anybody—come in? Maybe I wasn't cut out to be a storekeeper—long hours and no pay. If I was working at my old job, I'd be making at least 60 bucks, and no worries."

Three o'clock, and still no sign of a customer. By this time, Osamu's worried nerves were bleeding raw.

"Customers! Customers! Customers! What's wrong? Why don't they come in? Oh hell! If I stay here like this, I'll go mad. Think I'll go out for some cigarettes.

"What? Oh, no! The door—it's still locked!"

THE OTHER DOOR

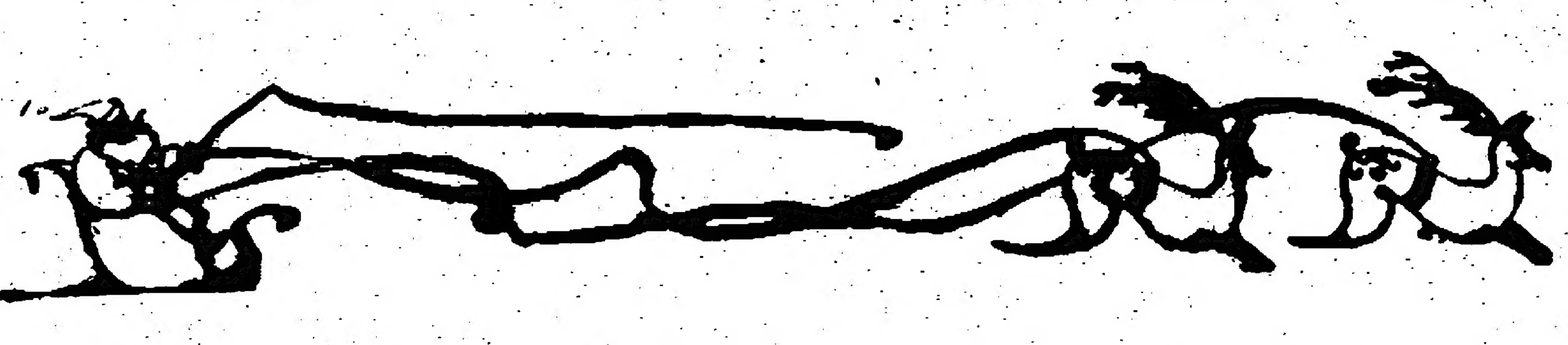
or

WHAT IS THE SOLUTION FOR LIFE'S PROBLEMS?

Four walls is
Enough.
Five walls is
Tough.
Five walls and two doors
Is really
Rough.

One door leads
To nowhere.
The other door leads
To somewhere.
But where is
The other door?

—T. Fujino



don't you dare!

(From page 3)

not to butt in. He hung around his father's trouser legs, waiting for the chance to get a word in edgewise.

"Daddy?"

"Quiet, Sylvester!"

"But Daddy . . . Daddy . . . what's dis-uh-dis-criminal? Gangster, Daddy?"

But Daddy was deaf and went on talking about maybe it wasn't fair to the twins to let them get into a situation that would hurt them. His wife however, disagreed. She did not believe in deciding the way of life for others not under her jurisdiction, and anyway she believed that the doctor and his wife knew quite well the risks and it was not up to anyone else to decide what was good or not good for the nice little twins. Besides, said Sylvester's mother, she thought that people like the Whites would soon be outnumbered by the others who would realize that the Negro family was no different from themselves. Just let the pleasant personality of this family get to work on the neighborhood, and soon everything would be more friendly. Anyway she wasn't going to let either Ab White or his wife keep Sylvester from having a bigger yard and she wanted the Doctor and his family to have her house just to show them that she had no prejudices about it at all. So there!

"Mommy, the twinses going to live here, eh Mommy?"

"Yes, dear, they'll be moving in soon."

"That's swell! I'm gonna tell Mrs. White she's a mean old lady and she's a gangster, and. . . ."

"SYLVESTER! COME BACK HERE! DON'T YOU DARE SAY ANYTHING!"

Lady of Spain

There was an old lady from Spain,
Who tried to pickle her brain.
She pried open her head
And promptly dropped dead,
So all her pains were in vain.

—Martha Katsuta

THE NEW CANADIAN

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR ISSUE

HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT — WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1957 — SECTION THREE

RICE-- ISSEI'S DREAM COMES TRUE WITH FIRST CROP IN CANADA

By TEIZO NAKASHIMA, Comber, Ont.

IT was New Year's Day, 1956, at the official residence of the Japanese Consul in Toronto. The parlor was filled with local Japanese visitors who had come to wish "Shinnen Omedeto". Most of them were old friends who had known each other on the West Coast. Conversation centred on happy memories of the good old days.

In this light-hearted atmosphere, I met Mr. Hideo Sakamoto of Furuya Trading Company. After exchanging the usual pleasantries, we found ourselves talking about growing rice.

"According to the statistics for Canada's food market in recent years," said Sakamoto-san, "the demand for rice has increased considerably. Rice-eaters are not limited to Japanese and Chinese any more. Occidentals are eating more and more rice every year. It has now become one of their staples.

"As a matter of fact, I have ordered rice seeds from Japan. They should be arriving soon. You know, you are very fortunate to have farm land in Southern Ontario where the climate is warm. Rice should be able to grow there.

"I am offering this Japanese rice seed to you. I would like you to experiment with it," Sakamoto-san declared.

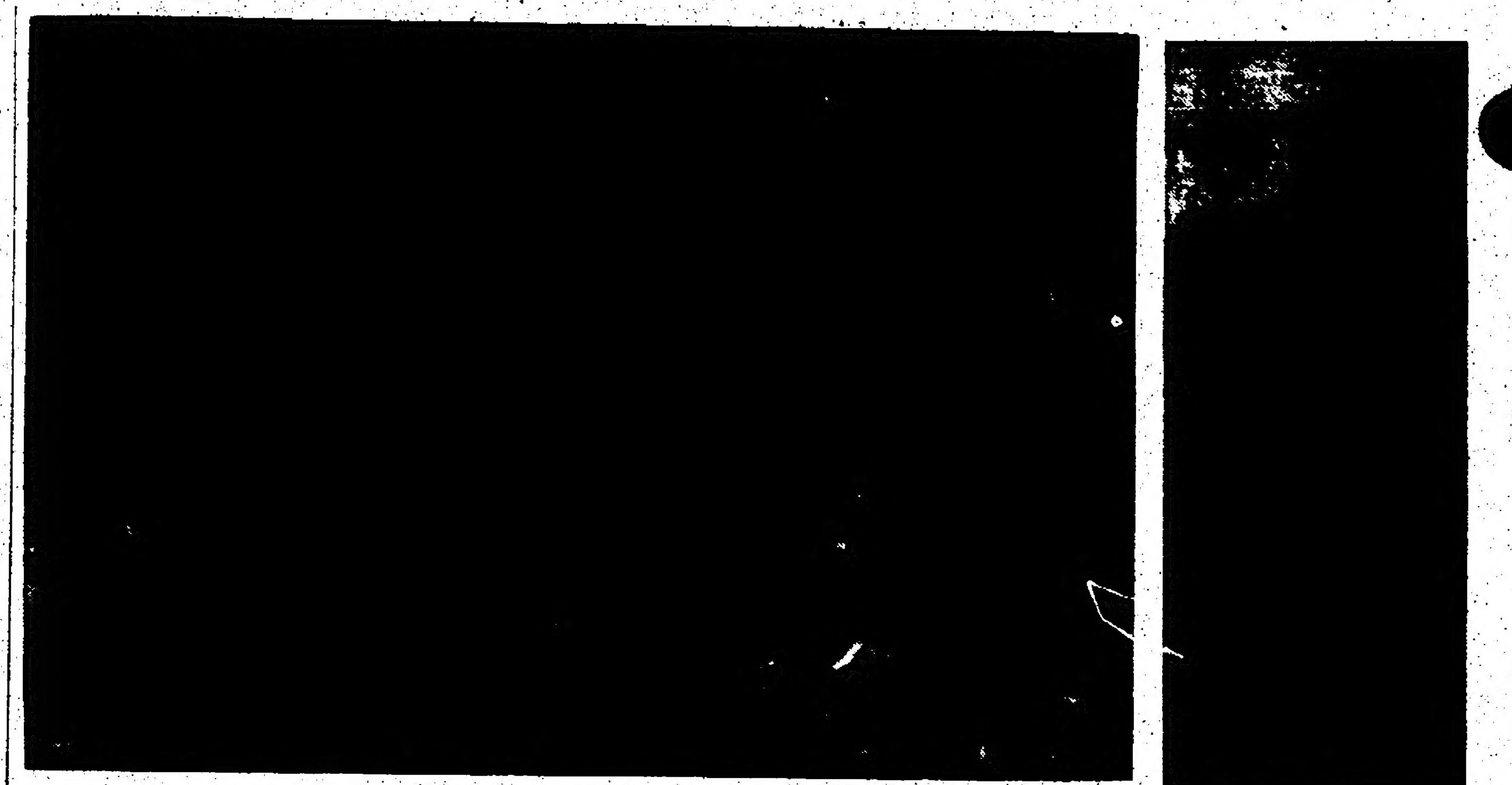
I was astounded by this wonderful offer. But, I thought, what if I should fail? Rice seed from Japan was very precious. I had never heard of anyone trying to grow rice in Canada . . . not even back in Canadian history. I shut my eyes to meditate a moment, when suddenly I seemed to feel a revelation, a spiritual "Go ahead" signal. It was decided.

"Sakamoto-san, this is the first day of the New Year. I am particularly happy and full of hope. I will accept your offer, and promise to do my best."

* * *

And so I returned to my home in Comber to await the arrival of the seeds of rice. They arrived by April.

Rice seeds! I had not seen them for such a long time! I fondled them and prayed to God that these beautiful grains would grow in the soil of the new land, Canada. I looked forward to the autumn days when they would bear abundant fruit.



A Canadian scene: A golden field of rice grown by Mr. Nakashima

There were two varieties—Norin No. 19 grown in Aomori prefecture, and Norin No. 12, grown in Iwate prefecture — both from northern Japan where the climate is similar to Canada's. The former was ordinary rice, which is called "uruchi"; the latter a special kind called "mochigome" from which we can make "mochi".

These seeds were of the "okabo" variety—the kind that can be grown in dry fields. There are two types of rice in Japan, the most common being grown in watery rice paddies, and the other for dry land.

I immediately started preparing the land for seeding. With our seeding machine, I planted a quarter-acre. Luckily, suitable moisture enabled the seeds to shoot up healthy sprouts. It was more than I expected. My quarter-acre became greener every day.

Every morning, I went to the rice field to caress these tiny shoots, as if they were all my own children. They grew quickly during the summer, and by the end of August, were two feet high.

One morning early in September, with a heavy dew soaking my feet, I was overjoyed to see heads forming on the rice stalks, just like small Japanese writing brushes. I cannot describe my happiness at seeing them.

Watching them more carefully, I gained confidence. The heads developed into sprays and blossomed out. "I've got it!" my inner heart said. "Oh God, you have grown the rice stalks this far; please send good weather so that we may have a good crop."

But my prayers were not answered. In mid-September, when my lovely rice-field was all a-flower, a heavy frost struck and completely destroyed my crop. The first year of rice experimentation in Canada had ended in tragedy.

* * *

Spring, 1957. I planted the remaining seeds of rice on another quarter-acre. Last year's experience had taught me that, while I could be confident the rice would grow, the weather is beyond power of a human being. I philosophically resigned myself to the fact that "man can do but his best; God will do the rest. . ."

As last year, the ordinary "uruchi" seeds soon blossomed, but the "mochigome" failed even to form heads in my second attempt. I planted a third crop of "mochi gome", but this too failed. I much regretted that I could not make "mochi" for New Year's Day with my own rice.

But the "uruchi" stalks grew on vigorously. By September the flowers were replaced by soft milk-filled kernels which caused me to weep for joy. Right there, in the field, I took off my old straw hat and knelt down to thank God.

With the last days of September, the milk began forming into solid grains of rice. The heads started drooping over from the weight. During those crucial days, I anxiously prayed that the frost would not come as it did last year.

By mid-October, three-quarters of the rice crop were laden with ripe grain. The first Canadian-grown rice was a reality.

* *

Climate here in Southern Ontario is very similar to that of Japan. As in the old country, we can see fireflies in the evenings. Here, watermelons ripen.

I think this territory is the best place in Canada for rice-growing. Surrounded by the Great Lakes there is sufficient moisture, and the temperature does not drop during the nights as in other places. And in the summer, it goes up to 90 to 100 degrees.

These seeds which I have grown I will use next year. With Canadian-grown rice seeds, planted in Canadian soil, I have great hopes for success.

Uses and Abuses of the JC Newspaper

By YOSH TAGUCHI, Montreal

The JC newspapers are a sad reflection of the JC people.

They are positively dull, thoroughly disgusting and altogether disappointing. It's high time someone spoke up and pointed out their gross shortcomings.

In the first place . . . but before the editors file this diatribe in the round receptacle, let me indicate that this attack is not directed at the writing nor the editing of the newspapers. If a fancy turn of phrase or a brilliant piece of wit was what I was after I would turn to literature elsewhere. Besides, Cindy's smile and Adachi's smirk are quite often literary gems that would embellish any newspaper.

I object to cheap and blatant advertisements on every page of every issue. I mean the publicity note sent in from one little club in one little town exhorting a handful of friends to come to one silly thing or another.

"So-and-so will hold a social for some such reason on some such date. Everybody's welcome. There will be a slight charge to help defray the cost". This kind of thing should be tolerated only with the promise of a follow-up news report:

"Club so-and-so held a social for some such reason on some such date. Fifty boys and twenty-girls attended. A good time was had by twenty-five girls".

And let's capture audience reaction when reporting on guest speakers.

"The so-and-so association sponsored an address by the well-known lecturer, Mr. X. The sparse crowd was bored but nobody snored".

Even a cursory reader of this paper will have noticed a curious trend of view manifest in recent years. Mediocrity (especially among students) is upheld as the clarion call of achievement, a fulfilment of social integration. This is glib rationalization and nothing more. But if I am wrong, the students should not be the only ones to get the pat on the back. Let's point out our fair share of delinquents, wife deserters, bums and racketeers. A certain amount of sensationalism adds life to any paper.

"Six sharply dressed Nisei climbed into a '56 Chev after coming out of a gambling joint in downtown any-city. They hold liquor better than the green stuff".

"Several girls (Nisei) in so-and-so city have found lucrative business in the oldest of all professions. Clientele appears to be predominantly occidental".

Notice how the sweet innocent thing that is horrified by this plea for a little life and vitality uses the JC papers:

"Did you know that so-and-so's getting married? Who'd have guessed. . . ."

Another department that the JC papers have failed to pursue is the "Advice to the Lovelorn" column. With all this marginality, complexes and conflicts that are supposed to be part and parcel of our personality make-up, we should have a gold-mine of problems. The possibilities are limitless.

"I am a Nisei girl with a Caucasian boyfriend. Should I or shouldn't I?"

"I am a Nisei boy without a Nisei girlfriend. Why?"

"I am a Nisei mother with a Sansei daughter. Is she or isn't she?"

And now that we're through being guinea pigs for a sociological study, let's provide firewood for a Freudian analysis. This should be great fun. To what extent is the analogous Japanese character present in the Nisei? Was our father image destroyed by the events of the last war? Have the social forces produced in the Nisei a statistically significant number of sadists, masochists, narcissists?

* * *

Contrived humor always becomes acrimonious and unpleasant. Let's pursue the subject no further.

Crow Creek Settlement In Opasatika Is No More

By MICHI IDE

Crow Creek Settlement, Opasatika. Occasionally from this tiny spot in Northern Ontario came reports that made news in the New Canadian and other publications. Many became interested in the people who lived there and their activities. In this way the teacher and an old Grade 7 classmate were able to begin correspondence, which still continues. Other new and lasting friendships have been formed as well.

That little community is no more—a "ghost town" one could call it—for everyone has moved away with the exception of a very friendly and neighborly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hirano. When did the closing come? Where have the families gone? What happened to the school and the teacher? Will the settlement ever become alive again?

Last June, the population of Crow Creek Settlement was exceedingly small. This fact caused the remaining families to consider moving for the benefit of the children. Thus, by the end of the summer families relocated either in Kapuskasing or Toronto. The school—P.S.S. No. 2 McCrea—was most regretfully closed. The equipment, supplies and text books were given to other rural schools in the inspectorate. The teacher went "home" to Hamilton after spending a really pleasant holiday in the North. However, she feels from such a long association with Northern life, that she would like to return. (It's the call of the North!). It is extremely doubtful that Crow Creek Settlement will be revived. Most of the houses have been sold and carried away to be used in new localities.

The young people who were such a vital part of the community are now getting along famously wherever they are and in whatever they are doing. Those who are still attending the elementary and secondary schools are holding their own and, in some cases, are leaders in their classes. In the working world Crow Creek has produced a teacher, excellent secretaries and stenographers, businessmen, nurses and a U.B.C. graduate in Commerce, at present employed as an accountant in Vancouver. Even the matrimonial field has been invaded.

The Anglican Church of Kapuskasing has always taken a sincere and friendly interest in the Japanese people of Crow Creek and Kapuskasing. No problem was too big or too small to be tackled by the ministers. One of these men, Rev. G. R. Stanley, who became a firm friend of the Japanese over ten years ago, has since left the North and is presently in Toronto, having been transferred in late August from Midland. Needless to say, ex-Crow Creekers are happy to be afforded the opportunity of continuing their friendship with Rev. Stanley and his family. Today Rev. George Loosemore serves Kapuskasing and to his church go the Japanese children and adults of that town.

Perhaps Crow Creek Settlement has disappeared but not the spirit of industry and good citizenship which played most important roles. Wherever former residents of this wee community have settled, they can still say "It was a good place!"

Memories of Japan

Dr. Bates is a retired missionary whose heart is still in Japan. Known to many in Japan as former president of the Kansai Gakuen in Nishinomiya, he is often visited by young Japanese scholarship students and visitors who make it a point to pay their respects to him. He has often delivered sermons to the Toronto Japanese United Church, and during the war helped Japanese Canadians to resettle in the east.

* * *

By Dr. C.J.L. Bates



Tokyo 1907: first modern business district, Marunouchi

FIFTY-FIVE years ago, Mrs. Bates and I went to Japan, and there we remained until our return to Canada in January, 1941.

It was a wonderful time to be in Japan, for the Anglo-Japanese Alliance had just been negotiated, and everything British and American was in favor. I still remember the thrill I got when, a few weeks after arriving in Tokyo, I went over to the Imperial University grounds to attend the annual athletic meet, and saw the Union Jack and the Rising Sun flag crossed over the entrance gate.

The great Emperor, Meiji, was then in the 35th year of his 45-year reign. He was a great sovereign. He came to the throne as a young man of 18 after the defeat and overthrow of feudalism, and ushered in the modern era of enlightenment and progress. He was fortunate in having a group of great men as his advisors, who, by the time I reached Japan, were known as the Elder Statesmen.

I had the privilege of meeting and talking with one of them, Marquis Okuma, who later was known as Count and, before his death, as Prince. He was sometimes called "The Great Commoner" because of his espousal of the cause of the common people. It was said of him that he talked like a democrat but lived like an aristocrat. He was prime minister several times and had to face opposition as well as to enjoy popularity. On one occasion he was attacked by a would-be assassin who wounded him so badly that he had to have a leg amputated. This tragic mishap further increased the interest of the nation in the great tribune of the people and enlisted their sympathy. Among his greatest achievements was the founding of Waseda University on the basis of freedom of research and expression. When Prince Okuma died, he was given a state funeral which was held in Hibiya Park in Tokyo.

SAW FUNERAL OF MEIJI . . .

His Imperial Majesty, Emperor Meiji, lived and reigned until 1912. It was my privilege to attend his funeral which, in accordance with the time-honored custom, was held at midnight. It has been an unforgettable memory.

The route of the procession in Tokyo, and also at the place of interment, 350 miles southwest near the city of Kyoto where His Majesty's early life was spent, was brilliantly lighted with electricity, and the streets through which the cortege proceeded were thickly strewn with sand so that there was no sound except that of the Imperial bands of Japanese and western music.

The carriage in which the Imperial casket was carried was built in the form of a sacred ark (mikoshi) and had but two large wooden wheels which were so constructed as to give out seven tuneful sounds as they turned, similar to the so-called nightingale walk of verandah around the main building of Chion-In temple in Kyoto. It was all most impressive and a bit weird, but very solemn and beautiful.

At the head of the procession marched torch bearers dressed in ancient costume. The mortal remains were deposited in a large tumulus made of stone and cement in the shape of a huge cairn, and, in front of the tomb was erected a large "torii" or Shinto arch such as may be found at all Imperial tombs and Shinto shrines.

Standing at midnight alongside the route of procession, we felt a sudden tremor of excitement—the word was passed that General Nogi and his wife had committed suicide as the Imperial cortege left the palace gates as a demonstration of devotion to their lord. It was evidence that the spirit of old Japan was still alive, even in the midst of the modernization and materialization of the 20th century. If you should visit Fushimi where the Emperor is buried, you will find nearby a Shinto shrine, erected to the memory of General Nogi, the heroic leader of the troops that captured Port Arthur in the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5, when his two sons and a nephew were killed. In the spirit and accord-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

MEMORIES OF JAPAN

(Continued from Page 3)

ing to the practice of the knights of old Japan, the Samurai, he followed his lord into the spirit world.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR

Two years after we arrived in Japan, the war between Japan and Russia began and continued through 1904 and 1905. I remember seeing the return of the victorious leaders of the Japanese army and navy after the close of the war.

When Field Marshall Oyama, the Commander-in-Chief of the victorious army, returned from Manchuria, there was a great reception for him at Shimbashi station in Tokyo. There were no automobiles in Japan then, and the means of conveyance were either horse-drawn carriages or jinrikisha. A carriage drawn by a team of horses was provided for the Field Marshall who was on that day the man whom the king delighted to honor.

But the Crown Prince, who later became Emperor Taisho, rode in a jinrikisha. The profound courtesy of this act impressed me greatly. I was to learn through the years that it was an example of the fine sense of propriety and culture that is characteristic of the Japanese people.

Shortly thereafter was held an Imperial naval review in Tokyo harbor by the Emperor. It was an impressive sight. Several warships that were scarred by Russian shells were in evidence.

On that occasion I asked a Japanese naval officer what proportion of the ships were made in Britain and he answered, "Three-quarters, and of the rest most came from Italy and France." That was the case 50 years ago. At that time there were still some British naval officers in the employ of the Government as teachers of English and technical subjects in Naval colleges, but they were few in number and very soon after were replaced by Japanese teachers. Admiral Togo, the naval leader in the Russo-Japanese war, was a graduate of the Naval College in England.

In other spheres of activity such as the army, the Departments of Justice, Education, Medicine, experts from America and Europe had been employed in the early years of Meiji (1868-1912) to assist in the reorganization of the national structure on modern lives. Few of these remained however beyond the close of the 19th century.

Among the handful staying was one of two doctors, Dr. Baelz in medicine and Dr. Scriber in surgery, who came to Japan from Germany in the early years of the modern era at the request of the Government to help modernize the practice of medicine. They were great men indeed, great in their dedication and great in their achievement. In the Tokyo Imperial University grounds there were, and I trust still are, memorial busts to these pioneers in modern medical science and practice in Japan.

Shortly after our arrival in Japan, we made an appointment with Dr. Scriber for surgical treatment in our family, but before the time appointed for the operation, Dr. Scriber died very suddenly. Today we would probably diagnose the cause of his death as coronary thrombosis, but we did not know the word then. In place of Dr. Scriber we had the good fortune to have the services of Dr. Kondo, one of Dr. Scriber's illustrious students, who did the work most satisfactorily. That was the beginning of our acquaintance with medical men in Japan and through the years we found them to be most efficient in every way.

JINRIKISHAW OVERTAKEN BY MACHINE AGE. . .

The first four years of our residence in Japan were spent in Tokyo. They were years of striking change in many ways. When we arrived in 1902 there were no streetcars in Tokyo. We travelled by train from Yokohama to Shimbashi station in Tokyo. Then as we had to cross the city, we rode horse-drawn cars to Ueno, and there, we took jinrikisha to our friend's home near the University.

The horse-car trip cost six yen which then equalled three cents, and the jinrikisha eight sen or four cents. A dollar went further in those days in Japan as well as in Canada.

For our personal convenience and more rapid transit in Tokyo, **Mrs. Bates and I took bicycles from Canada. But the next year electric streetcars were installed in Tokyo, and the machine age was inaugurated in Japan.**

For some time, however, jinrikisha remained as the popular means of short distance travel. The jinrikisha has been displaced by the automobile, but in those far off days it was not only picturesque, but a useful means of travel, and the men who pulled them were fine stalwart fellows who took pride in their job and their appearance.

SANTA CLAUS WAS THERE LONG AGO. . .

One thing that surprised us was the popularity of Christmas even so long ago. Santa Claus was in evidence everywhere in the city of Tokyo and even Christmas trees were decorated and displayed, not only in Christian churches and homes, but in shop windows as well.

The New Year's decorations which followed soon after were very interesting to me. The "kado-matsu"—pine tree and bamboo arrangement—on either side of the front entrance were most dignified and graceful. Sometimes over the entrance a straw rope was stretched across, from which hung strips of white paper ("gohei"), and over the middle of the gate, one or more oranges and in some cases a lobster was placed. These were all symbolic of good wishes for happiness and long life. I hope that in this new age, the best of these distinctive Japanese customs will be preserved.

We fell in love with Japan and the Japanese people right at the beginning, and our respect and affection for them has increased with the years. They have their faults and failings, no doubt; (Who hasn't?)—but they are a great and beautiful people nonetheless.

Their industry, capacity for sacrifice, patience in suffering, persistence in purpose, love of beauty, artistic appreciation and accomplishment, their unfailing courtesy and politeness, their kindness to children and regard for the aged, and above all their patriotism and loyalty, qualify them to be regarded as among the great peoples of the world.

Several years ago I was on a speaking tour with one of the leading educationalists of America. He frequently said, "Without rootage there can be no fruitage." In other words, the present is debtor to the past. I hope that the younger generation of Japanese Canadians will not neglect the study of the history of Japan.

SHOPPING IN TOKYO

'Depahtos' Offer Drama

By LUCY IKATA, Tokyo

Shopping in Tokyo can be fun provided, of course, you have a generously filled wallet and plenty of time and energy. Comfortable shoes will also help. The tourist particularly finds Tokyo an enjoyable shopping centre for he has special privileges which allow him t purchase pearls, silverware, cameras and other luxury items tax-free merely at the presentation of his passport and foreign-exchange book or card.

"Just where shall I do my shopping?" is the first question that comes to the mind of the newcomer.

The department store will offer you the most varied selection of western and Japanese goods. Scarcely an item is missing that can be obtained elsewhere. Fashions straight from Paris, woolens from England, hand embroidery from Hong Kong or Japanese cameras, pearls, pottery, silverware, silks, etc., are at your finger-tips along with everyday needs in the way of food, wearing apparel, furniture, etc. Here you can shop with relative ease, since prices have not been marked up as is often done in other shopping centres, such as the Ginza, where stores cater to those



A neighborhood shopping district in Japan . . .

who want to be "stylish" and are willing to pay any price to satisfy their vanity.

To digress a little at this point, the Japanese department store also serves other purposes. For those who are interested in Japanese theatre, their theatre usually on the top floor provides a good place to see modern Japanese plays, Kabukis, Bunraku, etc. They also serve as exhibition centres. In their publicity program, the store spares nothing to draw the public. Hence, they sponsor from time to time art exhibitions of famous paintings both local and abroad, demonstrations of national treasures, fashion shows with leading models.

To further digress, a description of the "depahtos", as department stores are familiarly known in Japan, would not be complete without mentioning the roof-top playground and zoo for the kiddies, photo studios, laundry shops, doctors' and dentists' offices, travel bureaus, pharmacies and, of course, the tearooms and restaurants that are indeed welcome sights for those who have just spent the afternoon browsing through the store.

For those who have little time to look around for pearls, silks, silver, furs, lacquer, and cameras to bring home, the arcades of the leading hotels in downtown Tokyo offer a comfortable and convenient place in which to shop and since their goods are selected, you are assured of top quality and satisfaction.

For those for whom time is not a factor, a visit to the neighborhood shopping area will very often bring results. Here, the shopkeepers in competition with other businessmen will usually offer you their wares at reduced prices. Unlike the department stores that close at six o'clock these small neighborhood stores remain open as late as ten in the evening and, too, are open on Sundays. This proves to be very convenient for late shoppers or for picking up forgotten items downtown.

There are specialty centres too in which you can make your purchases. Kanda, for instance, is a paradise for collectors of both old and new books and rare recordings. The streets leading to Washington Heights and other army housing districts are lined with tiny shops that carry goods, mostly souvenirs, that appeal to the foreigners.

Haven't you ever wanted to go to Hong Kong to do your Christmas shopping? Well, if you aren't able to make a trip to Hong Kong, Tokyo would be your next best bet and it is very likely you will be leaving Japan with a lot more excess baggage than you expected. In fact, you may not even have space for those small Kokeshi dolls, and consequently they may find their way into the bosom of your handbag as you wing your way over the blue Pacific.

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Ivory Tower, U.S.A.

A CANADIAN TELLS ABOUT HIS JOB IN AN AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

By MIKE HOSHIKO

Carbondale, Ill.

THIS Ivory Tower is Southern Illinois University in Carbondale located about 96 miles south and east of Sto Louis and about 350 miles south of Chicago.

Carbondale used to be a small mining and railroad town, and the university merely a small normal school. Now the state university is just bursting at the seams with over 8,000 students. It also has branches in three other cities and owns a fleet of buses, automobiles and airplanes to transport students and faculty.

As recently as 1950, the entire campus consisted of one square block, but now it has a sprawling campus of several thousand acres. Many classrooms and offices are still located in converted army barracks and private homes, which were bought up in the expansion program but haven't yet been torn down to be replaced by multimillion-dollar buildings. New buildings are being completed all the time, but still the construction pace lags behind the student enrollment needs.

I arrived on this campus in June to accept a position in the Speech Correction Department. My work consists of teaching undergraduates and graduate students who are studying to help people with speech defects and hearing difficulties.

In addition I conduct research and offer diagnostic and consulting service to people who come for speech help. For example, today a mother brought in her six-and-a-half-year-old girl who still does not talk. I gave her psychological tests and found she scored in the mentally retarded range. The problem was how to tell the mother this so that she would be able to accept the information and not reject the child.

Another service we offer is teaching the foreign students to get rid of their accents. We get students from all over the world and Japanese students are not uncommon. It is not too difficult to help them get rid of their accents so that they sound okay.

One of the interesting duties I have is offering an extension course for classroom teachers 70 miles away at Elizabethtown which is just across the Ohio river from the State of Kentucky. I have to leave the campus about 3:30 in the afternoon, driving one of the University cars, teach two-and-a-half hours, and get back about 11:30 p.m. Because of the long drive, my wife comes along with me. She is rewarded for keeping me company by not having to cook supper.

You might ask why I chose academic work instead of engineering? It's because I like the atmosphere of the Ivory Tower. It gives you a constant opportunity and challenge to grow and mature. It gives you colleagues and friends who have like tastes and interests. It provides you with the opportunity to do research. It lets you come in constant contact with young people who are stimulating and refreshing. You cannot become old and dogmatic associating with young college students all the time.

The material rewards of university teaching are much better than they used to be. I seriously doubt if I could find any type of job in Canada which would pay more and be as interesting. A job in industry would mean 12 months' work with two weeks' vacation and a nine-to-five routine.

Working hours in a university setting are flexible. The usual full-time teaching load is four courses, which means 16 hours per week. I personally have two courses to teach with the rest of my time for running the Speech Clinic and doing research. The school year is nine months with the usual school vacations—you receive a full year's pay. If you work the extra two months in summer school, there is additional pay. Professors' salaries, while never high, are getting more and more respectable.

I first entered the United States in 1946 to start my college work. After my BA and MA, I returned to Canada and worked for the University of Toronto for three years. I came back to the States to complete my Ph.D. at Purdue University.

It was a constant struggle with anxiety, frustration and lack of money to acquire a higher education. But had I remained in Canada, I seriously doubt if I could have acquired this level of academic training. Both my brother and I entered the U.S.A. because we are the first and only Japanese Canadian family to have two Ph.D's.

Fifteen years have slipped by since I was evacuated from our chicken farm in Surrey, B.C. I have lost contact with most of the Nisei I knew back there.

I suppose Masato Sunada and his brother Ken have now become prosperous sugar-beet farmers in Alberta—they were hard workers even as kids. The last I heard, Cyril Naganobu was the owner of a thriving garage business in B.C. One of my good friends in school was Sumio Tsukishima, who now has four wonderful children . . ., his oldest boy is already in the second grade. Another school friend was Juko Otsuki who took pre-med but wound up being an electrical engineer in Toronto.

I remember the days when George Nishioka and I used to talk about going to the States to study when we were back in B.C. Well, he finally got his MD from the University of Michigan, but where he is practising I do not know. Other names come back to me . . . Kayo Nakamura, Takao Hirasawa, Yosh Maruno, etc. . . .

Because I declined the government's offer to go and work in the beet fields of Alberta, I was separated from these people. It was very frustrating and difficult to try to be independent during those evacuation days. But as the years have passed by, living has become increasingly pleasant, satisfying and wonderful.

I find my Ivory Tower very cosy.

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私事今年二月留守中失火のため全焼して凡て烏有に歸し在加の皆々様へ年賀状を差し上げる事が不可能でありますから右御了承の上御了解なしくだされ度く略儀ながら紙上を以て新年の賀詞に代え、皆様の御發展と御幸福とを御祈り致します。

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「人もしキリストに在らば新たに造られたる者なり、古きはすでに過ぎ去り、視よ新しくなりたり」(コリント後書 五章)

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各位

お里じまん

ハミルトン　ワイ生

オラが國さで　見せたいものは
ラサル・パークに　ダンダーン古城
月が澄むゾエ、湖上の銀波

今から二百八十九年前の八月の或日、佛人の一群とイロコイ土人とが數艘のカヌーに分乘してバーリントン砂床に上陸した。この人人は、レーキの西方數哩の所に住むイロコイ族の部落を訪ねて來たのであつた。

この探險隊の隊長は、有名な佛人探險家、キャバリエー・デ・ラサールで、赤いコートを着、ナポレオン帽をかぶつていた。彼のさしずでカヌーを手で運んで砂床を越し、今のハミルトン灣内に入り、現在ラサール・パークの在る邊に上陸し、數日そこにキャンプした。これがハミルトンに白人が足跡を印した最初だといわれる。

一八一二年、アメリカと英國（カナダ）國境爭いか何かで戰爭が始まり、その一隊はナイアガラ川をはさんで砲擊が始まつた。（クインストン丘の上にあるブロック將軍の銅像はその時戰死した司令官）

ナイアガラにいたジョージ・ハミルトン一家は戰禍をのがれてハミルトンベーに沿うた土地を百エーカー手に入れ、それを市街割りにし、町名に子供等の名前をつけてハミルトン村が出來た。初めは軍事用に使われたらしい。戰爭は終り、段々住み込む人も增し一八三二年にバーリントンの砂床の一部を切り拔いて大船が出入できるようにしたので、ハミルトンが商工業の中心地になる第一步を踏み出した。

その頃英本國から來る殖民の人々は、ハミルトン灣で船をすて、ここからステージで東西南北へ旅をしたものである。當時すでに、ヨーク（今のトロント）、ロンドン、デトロイト又はナイアガラ半島各地へもステージ・コーチの連絡が出來ていた。

一八二六年カナダ最初の金融機關ゴア・バンクが出來、ハミルトンの產業發展に大きな貢獻をした。即ち精粉所、ソーミル、皮なめし工場等、水力を利用する必要から、ダンダスやアンカスターに工場が建てられ今に營業を續けている。一八五三年にはカナダ最初の保險會社が創立され、支店を今のトロントはじめ各地に設けた。そしてグレート・ウエスターン鐵道がハミルトンとロンドン間の運轉を開始し、暫くして此の線をヨークまでのばした。一八五九年にはハミルトンは滊車やステージ・コーチ發着の中心地であり、カナダ最初の機關車も此所でつくられた。

サー・アラン・マクナブ卿は、ハミルトンの恩人である。一八三〇年から二十三年間、ハミルトン選出代議士で、最後の三年間はカナダの首相をつとめた人。鐵道を最初に敷設したのは此の人であり、一八三七年マッケンジーの叛亂を鎭壓した功によつて、ビクトリア女皇からナイト（騎士）に列せられ、後また男爵を賜つた。

マクナブ卿は功成り名遂げて、自分の住宅を祖國スコツトランドの祖父の居城にならい、九カ年を費やして建てたのがダンダーン・キャッスルである。一八六〇年プリンス・オヴ・ウエールスがカナダ御訪問の時は、このキャッスルでおもてなしをした。今は博物館として一般に公開され、ハミルトンの歷史を物語る遺物が澤山陳列されている。

ハミルトン灣に大型船舶が入るようになり、鐵道が四通したので重工業が發達し、カナダのピッツバーグと言われるように、製鐵所が一九〇〇年に創始され、オンタリオ湖とイリー湖をつなぐウエランド・キャナルの水深をふかめて大型船舶の通行出來るようにし、五大湖の各地から產出する鑛石を運び集め、トロント、ハミルトン、バッファロー鐵道によつてペンシルバニアから石炭やコークスを安く手に入れて鑛鐵業はぐんぐん發達した。それに加えて近距離にナイアガラの無限の水力があるので、安い電力には早くから惠まれている。水陸交通の便、電力の低廉、工業原料の豐富、物貨集散の便など、「オラが國サ」の將來は約束されているのである。

トロント曙雑吟

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病院のドアの把手の只寒し　池田　漂波

ドライブや小春日和を讃へつゝ　宮本　タエ

紅葉の木蔭浮浪者に鳩集ふ　橋本ふさゑ

林檎食べ終へ口紅つよくひく　田中あかしや

友逢へて招く初雪夜道に敷き　淺野　健寧

心持ち急き日を鳴く秋蟬は　岡田きよみ

夕茜山峽へ谷の紅葉照り　神田　陽山

溶接の箇所より左右へ霜消ゆる　壽美　酔道

カムループス
薄くうすく梨の皮むく靜かな宵　尾本　波月

ポートクレヂット
氣持よく燃ゆるストーブぱんを燒く　池田　筑水

東京
水甕のがらんどうなり冬を待つ　有働とほる

自然にほゝえむ

ト市　小財　新九郎

ますらをがゆづるにかけて放つ矢の目にもとまらずゆく月日かな

昭憲皇太后の御歌でありますが、小供の頃は一年が長く思われて、お正月から初午、卒業式、新入學期、春祭、そして夏休みから秋の遠足や運動會、文化祭など、それは〳〵シビレをきらして待ちこがれた長い一年であつたが、いつの間にか年をとるに從つて、月日のたつのがやたらに早く感ぜられて來る。全く「光陰矢の如し」でとう〳〵地球が一回轉し、時計の刻む針と共に新らしい年を迎えることになつた。新らしい年を迎えると何ということなしに改まつた想いが浮んで來て、色々な希望と願いとをこめて、先ずお目出たい氣分になるから、新年は幾歲になつても嬉しいものである。

私の舊友に「元生」という人がいる。元日に生れたという意味だそうである。豐臣秀吉も天文五年元日の生れであつた。久しぶりに先日その「元生」の舊友から手紙が來たので思い出して、秀吉の十万分の一位の人間になつたか、どうかと冗談ではあるが一寸尋ねてやつたが、兎角彼は可なりの成功をして、動かぬ地位にあぐらをかいているのは實際らしい。

エール大學のハンチントン教授が調査した結果だそうだが、早春、初秋に生れた小供は、その他時期に生れた子供に比べて一般により健康であることは確かだと言われている。したがつて長壽の人も多いというから、やはり新年早々に生れた小供は強くてお目出度いということになる譯で「胎內から墓穴まで」人間と氣候には影響が大きいと言えるであろうと、つくづく思わされている。

天氣によつて頭痛がしたり物忘れしたり、夜眠れなかつたりする。交通事故にも天氣の影響があるらしい。惡天候は思考力をにぶらせる。銀行員だつたら計算を間違えたりするだろうし、氣壓の高低が感情を鎭めたり、高ぶらせたりする。それだから每日の挨拶にも天候の良い惡いが常に交わされるのである。

さて、かれこれと總合して考えたら、地域の如何を問わず學生の暑中休暇や冬休みを同一時期にするのよりは、土地によつて繰り上げたり、ずらしたりした方が合理的ではなかろうかとさへ思われるが、それはさておいて、人が一日に呼吸する空氣の分量は七千クォートから一万クォートに上ると聞いているが、これだから冷熱干濕晴曇に大關係があるのであろう。人間は一生の間、自然に隨順してこれと共に步んでいるどいうことになる。いらぬ心配、明日の天氣がわかるかと一口に言われようが、人間生活に天氣ほど大關係があるものはないのだ。「心配」というが、心配は心の配給で、あるから、よく心の配給をするものこそ大事な人間であるとも言えるし、明日の天氣を心配してくれる人間が多くあることが、明るい社會を創設するのであると信じるが——。

今の世の中のことは、まことにわからないことばかりである。わかっているようで、わからない。わからないところに、わかつたような善さがあるのだよという人もあるが、そうかも知れぬが、日本人は何事でも割り切つて物を考えたがる癖があるというが、そう言われればそうかも知れぬ。算術の割算でも偶數ばかりなら割り切れるが奇數では割り切れぬ、割り切れない世の中だから數奇の世の中ということになる。しかしなるほど算術では割り切れないが、高等數學なら割り切れる。日本人はこの割り切れる高等數學の考えを多分に持つているのだろうかこんなたわごと、明日の天氣を考えるのは馬鹿者だというが、自然を愛し自然に親しむ心は望ましいことである。自然もまた皆がよくなることを望んでいるのだ。皆が仲よく自然の意志通りに美しく生きることを望んではあるまいか！

人間像

ト市　小財新句朗

私は冷い土にうづくまつて
チューリップの球を植える
淋しい夕暮である
生涯を貧しく生きて
塵埃にまみれて來た今日よ
冷い夕風の裏庭に
私は默つて
何時の日にか咲くを待つ心で
私は私に託された
儚い人間像を刻んでゐる
あばら家に
生涯の眞實をまもり
このありのままの妻を
寂しい愛で満たそうと
私は日每祈り
一個の人間像を刻んでゐる
金で買えない
この喜び
冬の夕陽の流れる土に
さびしく熱く心にも
明日の香りを風にきく

年頭雑詠

限りなく空を狭めて降る雪は　這ふ吾が影小さく埋む

積りたる雪が午後より解けそめて　吾が軒先の汚れ目にたつ

電建塔一條にしてはるかなる風へうへうと冬の夕雲

いささかの距離をへだてゝおろがめば　お厨子拜す尊きお顔

言もなくただ慶しく受けしまゝ　老いも若きも今年の齢

目の中に入れても痛くなしといふ　母の瞳は今に忘れず

新玉のいとしき言葉耳に沁み　街行く人の笑顔羨し

故國を訪れて

松下一郎

梅月さんから日本へ行つた感想を、ということでこの一文を書くことにしたのであるが、實は滞在ほんの一カ月餘、ごくわずかな見聞であり、それに三十餘年ぶりの夢を追うような氣持が現在の私であります。

實は去る年頭に老親への見舞文に、今秋は早めに農作物をきりあげて両親とゆつくり秋冬を樂しむ考えでありますから、元氣に待つていて下さいと念願していたのに、四月中頃、突然に母の病死の知らせをうけ、全く失心に近い氣持で稲苗の植付など追われていたところ、今度は父が重病で生命が危ういという電報をうけ、一切を神様のお導きに願つて六月七日ト市空港より日本に向つたようなしだいでした。

幸い、病父と寝床を共にして看護のまね方もでき、父も元氣をとりもどしたようだつたが、なにぶん胃ガンではどうもならず、永別をせねばなりませんでしたが、両親ともに七十九才の高齢を保ち得たことは感謝の極めです。個人から故母の言葉を聞くのに「一郎が秋には歸つてくるというが稲苗を植ゑて麥を刈つて芋を植えて、それを取入れるようにならねば戻つて來ないのだから永く待たねばならないなあ――」と日夜待ち暮したという。

大戰禍をうけた日本の都市の復興改善ぶりは旅客機で行つたせいか、カナダの都市か日本の地か全く戸惑を喰い、ただ日本人の群衆をみて、やはり日本であると悟つたほどである。とくに目立つたのは道路はもとより、海、河の堤防から田圃のアゼ道までにコンクリートを使つていることでありました。バスが全盛で田舎でも十五分毎に發着へ満員はいつものことで、國鐵の汽車の乗客ときては驚くほかはありません。人が多いからであります。人が多いから各種商工業が成り立つのです。パチンコ屋が一と町をつくり、飲食店が市を埋める盛況にはわれわれ訪問者の頭を入れ替えさせるに十分であります。

組合組織はなかなかゆきとどき、大衆は何をおいても新聞紙上では第一に眼をとほすほどで、現在最低賃銀は三百圓で、都市も田舎も大差ないらしい。郷地にも職業安定所があり、人手の必要な場合に頼みにいけば人を送つてくれる。八時間で三百圓、午前十時と午後三時にはお茶をくれという。タバコは刻みが入手難で専賣局があまり出さないらしい。そのために箱入りの紙巻を高官から農夫まで使うが、二十本入りで安くて二、三十圓、中位で五十圓。日給三百圓の労働者にはタバコ代もなかなかというところです。

外地から裸一貫で歸還した者は十年間の苦勞は多かつたであろうが、郷地に居續けの人達からみれば歸還者の方がはるかによい暮しをしている。海岸の白濱に軒を並べる魚類加工場の大部分は、他地方からきた人達の名儀であるということは何かを考えさせることであろう。

ある日、竹馬の友を訪ねていつた。ちようど庭に娘さんがいたので、お父さんに會いたいというと、父は働きに出ているが、お爺さんがいるという。そのお爺さんに會うと、それが訪れにきた友達であつた。やつと五十四才を迎えたばかりの若いお爺さんで、すでに息子には子供が二人あるという。家族制度が、この友達を老人にしてしまつたのでしよう。

人生五十年、そのうちの三十年を外國で暮した空白が、浦島太郎の境地をつくり、懐しいはずの故郷の空も、何となく冷やかで、風も身にしみるといつた氣持です。だが、私は日本へいつてよかつたと思う。日本の地から呼びさまされる傳統の美に對して餘りにも無智であつたと思う。平和の續く限り、日本の文化は發展の一路をたどることでありましよう。

蒲の穂

ト市　タエ

この夏、どこかの川邊から息子のヘンリーが、私の好きな蒲の穂を三本とつて來てくれた。とつてきたときは、繪でみる桃太郎や金時のように、本當に美しく丸々と太つていたが、だいぶしぼんでやせてしまつたそれでも好きな蒲の穂です。

これを見ると、愛の神様であられる大國主命をしのび、讀本にあつた白兎とワニの繪も心にうかんできてなつかしい。そして讀書研究會で

「おとぎばなしはウソでありません。眞理を教えているのです」

と、清水先生より學んだことを感謝するのです。サンタクロースも、シンデレラも、花咲爺も浦島太郎も、世界中のおとぎばなしは先生のおつしやる通り私たちのために眞理を教えているのに、この一番大事なことに氣づかないでいた私でありますことを思う。

ヘンリーも好きなこの蒲の穂、いつも見えるところにこうして飾つておこう。ヘンリーと眞理について語る時が來るまで――。

謹賀新年

在トロント
日本國領事館

領事 遠藤又男
副領事 内田英一
副領事 和田敏信

CONSULATE OF JAPAN
180 University Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.
Phone EM. 3-7030—EM. 3-7039

謹賀新年

在ウイニペッグ
日本國領事館

領事 吉川紀彦
副領事 矢畑昇

CONSULATE OF JAPAN,
301 Tribune Building,
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謹賀新年

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領事 田邊宗夫
副領事 武藤大八
副領事 有地一昭

CONSULATE OF JAPAN
Room 1401 Standard Bldg,
510 West Hastings St.,
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謹賀新年

辯護士 FAブリユイン

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聖誕を祝し
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賀正

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皆様の御健勝を祈ります

トロント壽會

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生長の家トロント誌友會

東部 曹石紀美子
303 Greenwood Ave.,
Phone HO. 1-2319
西部 富本宇太郎
318 Markham St.,
Phone WA. 1-9157

謹賀新正

生長の家カナダ支部
佐々木英治

EIJI SASAKI,
32 Tufton Cres., Toronto, Ont.
Phone PL. 5-8594

聖誕

賀正

カナダ柔道有段者會

112½ Carlton St., Toronto, Ont.

謹賀新年

日系各位の御支援を深謝します

歸道館柔道道場

112½ Carlton St., Toronto, Ont.

トロント柔道會賛助員

謹賀新年

三尾村カナダ連絡協會
トロント支部

164 Cambridge Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.
Phone HO. 1-1080

謹賀新年

熊本海外協會カナダ連絡會

HATSUJIRO EJIMA,
586 Manning Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

祝聖誕
謹賀新年

オンタリオ柔道有段者會

Ontario Judo Yudansha-kai
112½ Carlton St., Toronto, Ont.



クリスマス
新年特別號
（第三部）

千二百名 クメリック號の轉航者

—間もなく起つたパウエル街襲撃事件—

日本人がカナダへ集團渡航してきたのは今から五十年前後のことである。一九〇六年から三年間に一万三千人以上という多數が入加したものだが、そのうち、一九〇七年七月、ハワイからの轉航者千百七十七名をのせたクリメック號がヴアンクーヴアーに入港したことが大問題となり、白人勞働者から猛烈な反對運動がおこり、どうなることかと先住日本人や領事館あたりで大變心配したものであつた。今春、本社主催で行つたクリメック號乘船者の「思い出を語る座談會」から興味ある部分を拔き書きして、一世パイオーニアのなめた苦難を改めてみることにしよう。

日系勞働者 入る餘地なし

クメリック號入港に就て「カナダ同胞發展史」には次のように記録している。一度にどつと千二百名が渡航したことが、いかに大波紋を投げたか。—

△同胞一千二百名を乘せたるクメリック號に就て白人勞働者側の反對運動、劇烈を極め、上陸の程も如何あらんと懸念せられしが、宿屋組合の運動の結果、僅かに九名の入院者を出したる外、千百八十六名は全部上陸を許されたり。されど、市内旅館は僅々三百五十名内外を宿泊せしむるに過ぎざりしより、其他はスチブストンに送るの準備を爲す△當初の宿屋に宿泊せしむべき三百五十名以外は皆馬車に乘せて捨伏順（スチブストン）行の停車場に送り、それより同地スカッチ・キャナリー等に假りに宿泊せしむ。

△森川領事ハワイの總領事に向け最早當州に於て我勞働者を容るる餘地無きを打電す。

△捨伏順に送りし轉航者は皆勞働口を得て全部茲に落付く。

これでわかる通り、クメリック號入港で相當もめたわけであるが、ハワイで生活しながら、旅費をかせいでから米國に渡ろうというのがみんなの野望だつたところ、急に米國渡航が禁止となつたので、まるで日本みたようなハワイで一生暮すのを潔よしとせず「おかねピがうようよして物騒なカナダ」へでも仕方なしに行こうぢやないかと、なかば冒險氣味で千二百餘名がクメリック號に乘り込んでカナダに渡航することになつたのであつた。

大船はかたむく

領事が聲あげて鎭靜に努力

△ハワイで募集されたカナダ行きの日本人移民は文字通りスシ詰めとなつてクメリック號（約一万トン）に乘り込み、きわめておだやかな二週間の航海ののち、ビクトリア港外の檢疫所に碇泊、全乘客は下船を命じられ、身体も荷物も大消毒をやるということで、シャワーに入るようハダカのまま長いラインアップをつくつたものであつた。夏だつたからよいものの、それでも婦人船客はタオル一枚を腰にまとつて順番を待つという有様は悲慘なものだつた。身体の方はともかく消毒をすませたが、荷物の掃除がはかどらないという始末、やつと晩になつて出帆、翌朝七時ごろ晩市に入港したが、なにしろ、ハワイでの千二百名の轉航交渉に支障がおこり、碇泊のまま十日間も船内生活したために晩市についた頃は食糧は全く欠乏し、ジャムとブレッドを争い合つて手に入れようとした樣相を埠頭からみた人々が「まるでガキどもだ」と許したのも無理ない話というわけだ。

△さて晩市についてみると一人當り二十五弗の「見せ金」（保證金）を持たぬと上陸させぬという。ここまできて上陸できぬとは情けない。時がたつにつれて腹は減るし、ワイワイ騒ぎ出して埠頭側のランカンにどつと千二百名が集まると、さしもの大船もぐつと一方に傾く。沈むぞ、沈むぞと警告するが、さつぱり耳に入れる者もない。氣をもんだ當局者が急報したのでかけつけた消防車が、日本移民めがけてホースを放つ。ウアッと叫びながら船内に四散するという有樣。さらに事重大というので森川領事がかけつけ「皆樣どうぞどうぞ落ちついて下さい。上陸はたしかにできますからご心配いりません」と聲をはりあげて鎭靜につとめたとのことであつた。

假寢の夢 星空眺めて涙

△見せ金がなければ上陸させないというので、日本人旅館業組合が、これは何んとかしなければと意見をまとめ、宿屋の家財道具および建物全部を抵當にいれての金策に奔走の結果、ともかく千二百名中の見せ金のない人たち一人當り二十五弗宛の金額を調達してやつと上陸ができたことに對して、クメリック號轉航者は終生忘られない感謝じあるとしている。どつと上陸したこれらの人々を全部泊めるは日本人宿屋がもとよりあるはずはないし、當局も日本人宿屋が、定員以上に收容して面倒を起してはと、「定員以上の宿泊を嚴禁する」というビラを宿屋の正面入口にはりつける用意周到さであつた。仕方なく、これらの人々を馬車でステブストン行きの停車場に幾十回となく運んで、それから電車でステブストンのキャナリーに連れていつたものであつた。

△さいわい時は夏、キャナリーのネット・ウエアハウスでネットをまくらに、ごろねの上陸第一夜をすごすという哀れさ。星のふる夜空をあおぎながらこれがあこがれのカナダかとまさに男泣き、若い人たちはひとしお郷愁にかられて胸をいためたのも無理のないことだ。このままでいるわけには行かず、各自が職を求めて四散することになつたが、懐中は無一文、てくてく歩いて日本人が住んでいる近郊へとひもじい腹をかかえては途中休み休みの難行をつづける。

△ある人は草をしいて休息していると、通りかかつた一日本人が、疲れ切つたその人を見て「これで何かを買つて腹ごしらえしなさい」と二弗札をくれて立ち去つた。その後姿を「地獄に佛」とばかり涙でかすむ眼で追い、おがみ伏したという。

△ソーミルに、ロギング・キャンプに、鐵道働きにと、やがて各自はそれぞれ勞働口を得てともかくクメリック號の轉航者は一應落ちついたということになつた。

遂に暴徒が襲う

八月中旬、インデアナ號で三百六十名の轉航者が再び上陸してきた。日本人勞働力が過剰していることは明らかで、白人側の「アジア人排斥」氣運はますます高まるばかり。遂に同年九月、シアトルからの煽動者にそそのかされた白人暴徒數百名は、パウエルと南京町を三度も襲つて破壊した。

△警察當局は人手不足で、日本人街の治安を維持できない、というので義勇隊が組織され、なかには拔刀隊の夜警戒、「内外の人心恟々パウエル街頭恰も修羅の巷の如く殺氣紛々たり」という情景をかもし出した。いわゆるパウエル襲撃事件である。そしてこの事件の被害調査のため故キング首相が調査委員として來晩したのであつた。クメリック號轉航者は、もとより意圖したことではなかつたが、はからずも日系史上とカナダ史上に一ページをかかげる事件に直接間接にあづかつたわけである。日本人街襲撃事件をクメリック號轉航者の一人はバナビーの山中で聞いたが、同僚の某がこれを山の所有主の家に働く中國人ボーイに知らしたさきの英語は全く天下一品、いまなお記憶しているという。

「セー、セー、メンチー、パー、[illegible]」

生存[illegible]

[illegible]

その當時 思い出の數々

△千百七十七人を乘せたるクメリック號はハワイを出帆致してから、航海中に一青年が病魔に犯され、遂に病死す。船を一時停止して青年を毛布に包んだまま水葬せられた。前途に多くの希望を持ちながら目的地に達せず、航海中途にて病死されたことは誠にお氣の毒に感じました。（トロント 瀧本直吉）

△ステブストンの漁網倉庫で假寢の夢を結んだ。夏とはいえ夜中はずいぶん冷えて八百人のうち三百人ぐらいは風邪をひいた。日本に歸りたいなあ、と思つたが所持金は無一文、出晩することさえ出來ない。やつと晩市から五弗の送金をうけ友人と共にギャングに出たてくてく歩いて……（トロント、岡崎清助）

△ビクトリアの手前の檢疫所で身体消毒をされるときその列に入ろうとしていると、檢疫者がカマン、カマンという。おい「構わん、構わん」というから、列に入らないでよいらしいと船に戻ろうとしたら、大手をひろげて私達を押し返したのでビックリしたことを思い出します。（トロント、堀内芳太郎）

△寫眞結婚で來る妻をビクトリアに迎えにいくのに借金という有樣、仕事はなし、ままよとアイスクリーム・ワゴンをチリン、チチンとベルを鳴らしながらパウエル街を歩いたものである。アイスクリーム賣りの日本人の元祖だと思う。（トロント、神野寨）

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筧 克子

「エンゲイジ・リングをね、やつたんですつて。武ちやん、もうちつとしていられないとみえて」……

「やつたのはリングだけかい？」

「又すぐそういうことを言う！」

「だつてそういうじやないか、近頃の若い者は仲々如才ないつて。キンゼイ・リポートで既に常識になつてることだもの」

真面目な話として切出したことだつたのに又、掻廻されてしまつた。然しかきまわされたと解釈する方も大したアングスタンディングを持つているわけで、單なる言葉の響から直ぐ或ることを連想し、こだわるとすれば、おかしな話だ。然しこだわらせるべく、からんで來たことは確かなのだ。一をきいて十を知るとはこの事である。最近とみに話をこの方面に好んで進展させようとする傾向が強くなつたのは、所謂、谷崎氏の「鍵」族たる資格を備えつゝあるのではあるまいか。何でもないことからでさへ、妙に意味深長な花を咲かせて面白がつたりする業ならぬ技を心得て來たところ、年輪は大分細かになつて來たことがわかる。二人の生活環境にしてからが、そろ〱「鍵」的技巧を必要とする雰囲氣にあるようだが只、そこに第三者の介入を許さないですむのが、非常に健康型で宜しいと自負しているわけだが、つまるところは、空しく老いさらばえる前に、「今暫し」の若さをつなぎとめようが爲のあがきにも似た努力（言い方が少々大げさだが）、兎にも角にも若やごうとする切なる心の叫びが、會話の中にさへクスグリを求めるのだ。

話は糸口から脱線してしまつたが、間題のエンゲイジ・リングは、武の想を充分にこめて、彼女の指に型の如く移されたのであつた。石は大して大きくはないそうだが、さん然と輝く様に武には見えた事であろう。彼も大いに意を強くしたらしい。とは、今日來た兄夫婦からの便りが齎した決定版的ニュースであつた。それにしても、未だ學業半ばにある彼女であつてみれば、結婚の日取などは皆目通しのつく筈のものでもないだけに、ひたむきな武の心裡と思うと涙ぐましい位なのだ。「自分のものだ」ということを何かの形として認めたかつたのであろう。

「でも、大丈夫なのかしら。先方のガールは「ママのリングより立派だと言つて悦んでいる」そうだけれど、若いだけにどうも。ダイヤを指に光らせることと、その光りは婚約という現實であるということを切離して考えてやしないか、と思へたりするんだけれど。寶石はいつの世にも女のベスト・フレンドだつて言うでしよう。美しい物を身につけた時の悦び、ただそれが少し複雑な意味を持つて感じられる程度のものじやないかしら。一種のスリルを味わう位のもので、その中に又別の能動ボーイが彼女の前に現れて來ないとも限らないでしよう。そして武ちやんからのリングが、チカ〱目障りになつて來ると揚句の果に「之返すわ」つて言うのでケリをつけられたりしてごらんなさい、武ちやんこそ可哀想なもんだと思つて……」

「相變らず取越苦勞をするね、お前つていう女は」

「でも、そういうこともままあるんですもの。ひどいのになると、初めつから「何もリングを貰つたから結婚しなくちやならないつて事はない」と割切つて簡單に受取るガールだつてあるのよ、返す場合も計算に入れられちや頼りないわ」

「でも俺はやつこさん達がそれ程無責任な考え方をしているとは考えないナ、尤も例外つて奴は、何事によらずあるけどさ、然し万一不首尾に終つたとしても、俺はお前の樣に武の肩ばかりは持たないよ」

「どうして？」

「武だつて男だもの、それ程熱をあげているんなら何をしでかすか、想像出來るだろう。おとなしくして待つてると思うかい？何と言つても可哀想なつて言う樣な結果には持つて行くもんか、責任は五分五分というところで結構うまくやることはわかつてる」

「キンゼイ博士の受賣り？」

「俺のは直傳だからたしかなものだ」

「そうしてみると年頃の娘を持つ親も油斷は出來ないわね」

「愛は惜しみなく奪うナンテ都合のいいことを言つてね……」

「兄さん達だつて正直なところ先を心配しないこともないらしいけれど、リングをやるには時期尚早という點だけが異議で、その外には、反對する理由もない樣ないいガールなんですつて、でもそこが武ちやんの眼のつけ所でもあるわけで早く手を打つておかないと人に取られるおそれがあるという不安ね、いいのね今の若い人達は、自分の手で之ぞという相手を求めて行くスリルを充分に味わえるんですもの」

「俺達はどうだつたつて言うんだい？結構スリルも感じたぞ俺は……」

「でも肝心のところは親やお仲人さんの方が味わうちもうんじやない？「高砂やあ」がはつきり見えなくつちや一緒に歩かせてくれやしないわ」

「高砂やあ婿はとうから帆を上げてエ――」

「およしなさいよ、ふざけるの」

「いいじやないか、お前と俺の間じやないか」

「こんなに圓々しくなるとあなたの値打も大分下るのよ」

「下つたつて上つたつて同じさ」

「男つてものが女の前にからつきし値打がなくなる時、肩書だとか地位だとか考え合はせると可哀想なものね、武ちやんだつて今にそうなるんだけれど、今がいい時だわ、世の中も、人生も之から。羨しいわ……あたし達みたいに先よりも越し方の方が長くなつてしまつてはね、つら〱振り返つてみて「しまつた？」ナンテ思うに至つては益々御氣の毒みたい、出直しはきかないし……」

「口惜しそうなことを言うけれど、俺のようないい旦那さんはそうざらにあるもんじやないぞ、御氣の毒ということが分つたらあつさり仲良く暮そうじやないか」

「同病相憐んで？」

「同病に違いない！御前の樣な抜けた女でも俺だからこそどうやら形がついてるということ考えてみるがいい。抜け方が徹底的で断然抜切つてるんだからお話にはならない……」

「抜切つている、と言うことはね、即ち或る線以上に頭角をあらはしていることなのよ、仲々誰でもが到達出來ない線以上に在るというものは異才と呼れて、世に稀なる存在ということにならない！？」

「又始つた！」

「十八番の屁理窟だつておつしやりたいんでせう。でも之も、そも〱はあなたのお仕込よ」

「良くないことは皆俺のせいにしやがる」

「屁理窟第一號は新婚當時のあたしの純眞な心に、一言一句も落さず刻み込まれてしまつたということ御存じ？」

「純眞――がきいて笑わせる、抜切つた頭に未だに殘つているとすれば大したものだ、言つてみろ」

「あなたはね、御自分があたしより一寸高いということに優越感を持つてらしたでしよう、誰もそれを信じようとしなかつたけど、そのたつたイッスンを皆に認めさせる爲にも又、自信を強めるためにも、私の無邪氣な「髪に結つてみたい」という希いを拒絶しなければならなかつたのであります。」

「噓言え」

「本當よ、マゲに結われちや御自分が断然低く見られるからよ。」

「でも結局あの頃がはなだつたナア……人生到る處青山あり、未來は洋々たりナンテ氣を大きくしていたものだが、今となつちや墳墓の地は何處ナンテ事を考えなくちやならなくなつたからな」

「人間もこう同顧調になるとおしまい。その證據に丈夫だつた身体も調子は狂つて來る。二言目には更年期ナンテ言葉であしらわれるし、早い話が眼鏡はなるべくかけますまいと頑張つて來たけれど、針に糸を通そうと思えば一本の筈が二本、三本に見えて來るんですもの、やつぱり年には爭えないと、この間もいささかがつかりしたわ。でも腹がたつから、めくら滅法に糸をサット突さしたら、ダブルに見えていた本物の方がちやんと通つていたからおかしかつたけど、それはまぐれ當りと言うもので、本當はもう駄目……」

「そこへ行くと俺はまだ〱しつかりしたものさ、暗やみであろうが、目をつむつて……」

「何言つてらつしやるのよ、バカね、それよりも眼鏡買つて頂かなくつちやあ」

「情ないこと言うない、俺のワイフは若いんだと思つて脂下つていたいのに……幻滅の悲哀だね」

「老メガネ購入の件パース！」

「仕様がない婆さん……」

「急に婆さん扱い、そりやきこえませぬ……」

「よく口の立つ女だと思つていたこともあつたが……猫かぶつてやがつたな、さては……」

「實際あたしも、昔はもう少しお上品でらしつたと思うんだけど、何としても背の君のあくたれ口に太刀打するうちにすつかり鍛えられてしまつて」

「又、俺のせいにする[illegible]」

「責任は五分五分の筈よ。武ちやんは、どんな旦那さんになるかしら。首尾よく行つてリングも返されずにすめばいつの日にか今の我々みた樣に「あの頃は……」と語[illegible]のママより立派なリングをつまぐり乍ら回想談に花を咲かせる時も來るわね」

「うん、その頃は又、嫁から「私の方がママのより立派だわ」なんて言われるんじやないかね」（終）

御題「雲」

佐々木 英[illegible]

東西南や北と吹く風にゆくゑまかしていな[illegible]くも

ゆくさきは四方八方[illegible]まかせ雲は偉大の働きを持つ

吹く風にゆくゑまかして千万里居とこ形は定めなき雲

御題「雲」

ピーシー エス子

行く雲に郷愁のせて[illegible]けくも過ぎ來し方をふり返りつつ

新春の夢

御僕子の夢幻の[illegible]育つ子に夢寄せ新春は夢らしく

冬木立時の流れに夢寄せて

霽晴れに澄む空遠きあこがれか

郷愁のなごりや[illegible]に[illegible]紙

神國はそこに深夜の[illegible]の灯

懐かし、火の音

西村登美

みどりの葉筋から
うつむきながら伸びてくる
つぼみが
ふくらんでは咲き
ふくらんでは咲く
アフリカンバイオレット
朝の窓には
ぱつちり明るく
夕べの窓には
やさしい紫の夢を咲く
暑い夏も
寒い冬も
絶えず咲いてくれる
アフリカンバイオレットよ
街住みの乾いた心を
うるおしてくれるように
今日も一つ
蕾らしく開いた

○

六インチくらいの深さにと
教わつたけれど
もう二インチもお負をして
深く土に埋める
水仙とチュリップ
こうして土に埋めるだけで
土にあずけるだけで
來年の春には
花が咲くという。
不思議さ 有難さ
見えないけれど
わからないけれど
天にも地にも
満ち満ちている
み力の大きさよ
み技の大きさよ
まかせて あずけて
たのしく たのしく
植えてゆく背に
晩秋の陽が
ほんのり あたゝかい

○

始業のベルが鳴つて
モーターがかゝると
この毛皮會社の
私も一つの手
私も一つの力
眠り足りなかつた頭も冴え
氣にかゝる事も忘れて
あの仕事を片づけ
この仕事を片づける
どちらを向いても
ミンクの毛皮
マスクラットの毛皮
こんなに澤山あるのに
私には買えない
そんなひがみは
みじんも湧かなく
よい仕事をすることだけが
間違えずにすることだけが
頭に一杯
終業ベルが鳴るまで
モーターの響と共に
一心に働く
この毛皮會社の
私も一つの手
私も一つの力

○

なつかしい音は
幼い日
いろりに燃えいた火の音
父が赴任していた田舎で
お風呂を貰いに行つては
あらためて貰つたいろりに
ほこ〜燃えていた火の音
栗を焼いたり 餅を焼たり
わらじ作りの真似をしたり
「嬢ちやんも あがつてお
くれやす」と
漬物でお茶をよばれたりし
た
なつかしい音は
グランドフォークスの
ストーブに燃ふていた火の
音
移動して
馴れない百姓仕事をして
今年もすんだと
ほつとして聴いていた
薪の燃える音
セラーには
野菜を一杯つめて
軒には薪を
山のように積んで
本を讀んだり編物をしたり
冬の夜長を
ゆつくり坐つていた
今 あわただしい
都會に住んで
いちいち火を焚かなくとも
ほどよい温みの
行渡つている部屋にいると
郷愁のように——
なつかしく思う
ほこ〜燃えていた火の音

○

一人の子の私の娘は
親の日本語を
そばで聴きかじつて
利用するので面白い
「マミ あの子ひとりもん
よ」
「ひとりもん？ 誰が？」
「ほら あそこでバイクに
乗つている小ちやいボーイ
ブラザーもシスターもない
ひとりもんよ」
「お茶が足までしゆんで行
く」と
スケートから歸つて
熱いお茶を呑んでいる娘を
「五臓六腑にしみわたると
言うから 足までしゆんで
行くとはなか〜うまい
よう日本語を使いこなしよ
る」と
良人は悦に入つている
「ママはまた怒る もつと
かんしやしなければ いけ
ません」と
あべこべに叱られて
「まあ！上手に日本語を使
うのねエー」と
私は親馬鹿の顔を
ほころばせている

○

お母さん
遠い故郷にいるお母さん
あなたは今。
どうしているだろう
一人 しよんぼり淋しく
坐つておられるのでは
ないでしようか
老いてかがんで
小さくなつた貴女を思うと
いとしさが胸に一杯になる
あゝこのまゝ
両手をのばして走つて行き
たい
私の前で
鼻歌をうたいながら
勉強している娘よ
お前も
マミーと
こんなに思つて呉れるだろ
うか

人間意識の崩壊

沖廣洪一郎

（詩 一）

己れが人間だと言ふ事の意
識がくずれはじめたのであ
る。
あぶないことではあるまい
か。
とてもあぶないことではあ
るまいか。
毎日生きてゐて
よほど身近かにそれが解か
る。
そうだ
毎日を轟々と生きていなが
ら
解る。

（詩 二）

おいおい。
人間の地球から飛び出して
月の世界に行こうではない
か。
あそこから
一發ぶつぱなして
一邊地球を素つ飛ばして見
様ではないか。
人間ぐるみ叩きつぶして、
新らしいものを作らふでは
ないか。

（詩 三）

生きて行くのに考えたらあ
かん
お前の様に考えたら阿呆や
ぱつぱつぱつと他人のする
いとこを見習ふて
ぱつぱつぱつと都合よく暮
すのや
ぱつぱつぱつと人波の上を
歩いて
ぱつぱつぱつと死んだるの
や。
どや。

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同　とみわ
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謹賀新年

一九五八年の新春を迎え
在加同胞諸彦の御健康と
御多幸を祈る

一月一日

ドクター
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堀近夫
同　美代子
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Phone Office MA. 4416 — Res. HE. 4712

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美登里
康子
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ローイ
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801 Eastern Ave., Toronto, Ont. Phone HO. 1-2279

藤[illegible]、清一
スエノ
俊夫
榮
暉一
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65 Sullivan St., Toronto, Ont.

立石猪之助
家族一同
673 Beresford Ave., Toronto 9, Ont.

田尻寅男
38 Peterboro Ave., Toronto, Ont.

戸栗時三
登美江
家族一同
34 Prust Ave., Toronto, Ont. Phone HO. 5-8450

竹中宇三郎
ハール
仁子
（在日）綾
23 Little Blvd., Toronto, Ont. Phone RU. 1-1245

戸田武
多喜
家族一同
10 Scranton Road Scarboro, Ont.

上野律一
家族一同
70 Claymore Drive Toronto 18, Ont.

上野ハツ
秀[illegible]
美代子
130 Galt Ave., Toronto 8, Ont.

上田寛藏
44 D'Arcy St., Toronto, Ont.

若林興吉
きの
家族一同
63 Metcalfe St., Toronto, Ont. Phone WA. 1-9202

矢野清藏
クギ
20 Humdale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

矢嶋繁雄
朝枝
102 Bellevue Ave., Toronto 2-B, Ont.

谷田部つね
家族一同
39 Hendrick Ave., Toronto 4, Ont. Phone LE. 6-5395

柳井久吉
スミ
51—17th St., Toronto 14, Ont.

山村政喜
スミ
22 Geneva Ave., Toronto, Ont. Phone WA. 3-7280

山岡清太郎
ハツ
106 Invermay Ave., Downsview, P.O., Ont.

末山力[illegible]
同 ヨ[illegible]
家族一同
19 Teddington Pk. Ave., Toronto, Ont. Phone HU. 1-[illegible]

喪中につき年末年始の[illegible]を欠きます
河野[illegible]人
ミ[illegible]
家族一同
811 Lansdowne Ave., Toronto, Ont. Phone LE. 1-[illegible]

喪中につき年末年始の[illegible]を欠きます
藤本善[illegible]
811 Lansdowne Ave., Toronto, Ont. Phone LE. 1-[illegible]

喪中につき年末年始の[illegible]を欠きます
久芳[illegible]
同 光[illegible]
同 [illegible]子
24 Suffolk St., Toronto 6, Ont. Phone WA. 2-[illegible]

喪中につき年末年始の[illegible]を欠きます
鐵原しげ
家族一同
33 Howie Ave., Toronto 8, Ont.

聖誕を祝し新年を賀す

田中時[illegible]一
き[illegible]
田中光[illegible]
（シャーリー）
平[illegible]
（ローデリック）
光[illegible]
（[illegible]）
04 Northumberland St., Toronto, Ont. Phone LE. 4-[illegible]

ニューカナデアン
クリスマス
新年特別號
〔第二部〕

目を外に、將來に向けよ

アンガス・アンド・グレース・マキニス

親愛なる友人諸氏——

今年は事情のため、私たちは以前よりも、より多くの時をヴアンクーヴアーで過ごしました。私たちはこれに苦情をいうのではありません。ヴアンクーヴアーに住むと、カナダの他の地にいるより、多くの好都合なこともあります。その一つは、より澤山の、日系カナダ人の友だちに會う機會があるということです。

今年中私たちは、ペラクラ・パークにおける市協のピクニックや、ピーシー大學二世卒業生祝賀會その他多くの催し事に參加することが出來ました。そして夏分には私たちのガーデンでヴアンクーヴアーに來訪された日系カナダ人の友だちや市の內外に住んでいる友人たちと、チー・パーチーを持つ喜びも味わいました。こうした際には、昔のことなども多く語らい合うことが出來ました。

ずつと以前に私たちを惱ました問題——選擧權獲得運動や戰時中における總移動のトラブルと悲哀等々、その大方が滿足に解決したということを知るのは喜ばしいことであります。

人生は、幸いなことに、暗雲と暴風雨ばかりではないのであつて、最も不仕合せな人々を除いては、恐らく私たちすべての生活には澄み切つた空と輝やかしい日光があるのであります。日系カナダ人諸氏にとつては、過去十年間の陽光と青空は、その以前の長い年月に起つた事がらの多くを償なつたことだと、私たちは考えます。

選擧權については、今やカナダ市民すべてが同じ權利を持つています。人種的なことに根ざしていた、古い憎惡と差別の觀念のすべては、もはや消滅したものだと私たちは信じます。もちろん、それは、そうあるべき筈のものであります。私たちすべては、カナダ人なのであります。

私たちが平等なる權利を持つていると同樣に、私たちは、カナダに對して最善のものを寄與すべき、平等なる責任を持つているのであります。カナダに來る人人が、彼等の故國における生活の一部分であつたものを見捨ててしまつてはならないということも、大切なことだと思います。カナダは、多くのもので豊かに富んでいます。その資產の一つは、恐らく私たちが、十分にこれを高く評價しないでいるところの、カナダを恒久的なホームとして外國から移つて來る新らしい市民がもたらす多くの國々からの文化であります。

ニューカナデアン紙のことを一言せずして、私たちはこの手紙を終ることは出來ません。それは常に良くなつて行きつつあります。今年の紙上に掲載された記事の多くは、高い標準のものであつたのであります。

カナダ全土に居られる私たちの日系カナダ人友人に對して、私たちが何か特別なメッセージがあるとすれば「今あなたがたが、やつているところを續けて下さい。日系人社會のことにのみとらわれずに、廣く社會一般に目を向けられよ。過去にのみ執着せずに、將來のことを考えられよ。吾々すべてはカナダ人であり、カナダは吾々すべてを必要とするのである。」——これであります。

末筆ながらクリスマスと新年の御慶を申上げます。

アンガス・マキニス氏は過去二十五年間、シーシーエフ代議士として、社會正義のために戰い、昨年引退された。日系人の參政權獲得運動その他、日系カナダ人のために大きな努力を拂つて下さつたことは私たちの記憶に新たなるところである。グレース夫人はシーシーエフの生みの親故ウッヅウォース氏の息女で、常に夫君と行を共にされて來た。

~クリスマス・メッセージ~

新聞の役割重要

イー・デー・フルトン

ニューカナデアンのクリスマス・新年特別號を通して、日系カナダ人諸氏すべてに御挨拶申し上げることが出來るのを、大きな喜びとするものであります。

世界親睦愛と善意が、他のあらゆるものの上におかれて捧げられる、このクリスマスの季節において、異なる文化を持つ人々が、寛容と相互に尊敬し合う精神をもつて、仲よく生活し、カナダ國家を建設していることに、吾々カナダ國民は特別な誇りを持つことが出來るのであります。吾がカナダ國民の一構成要素である日系カナダ人諸氏は、彼等の寄與貢献によつて、この國家的理想と國民生活を更に豊かにしているのであります。

彼等の、新らしき社會における生活の仲間入りをする用意のために日系カナダ人諸氏は、「ニューカナデアン」紙から、多くの援助と激勵を得たことを、私は確信いたします。この新聞はその日英兩語の紙面を通して、カナダ全土に存在する他の多くの異つた言語の新聞雜誌とともに、重要且つ責任の重い役割を果しているのであります。このような刊行物の働きを通して、文化は合流結合し、吾々が受けつぐべき樣々の最良のものは生かされて行き、吾々の理解と相互に尊重し合うことは强められて行くのであります。

「ニューカナデアン」の讀者諸氏と同社の社員一同に、皆様が樂しいクリスマスを迎えられ、來るべき新年において御健康で幸福と繁榮を得られるように私は念願するものであります。

（フルトン氏はオタワ政府の司法大臣。メッセージは市民・移民大臣代理として寄せされたもの。）

精神生活を新たにして

カナダ首相、ゼー・ディフエンベーカー

クリスマスの季節は、吾々すべてを靜思させ、精神生活——それなくしては吾々の存在は無意義であり、吾々の將來には目的がなくなる——に對し、思いを新たにする機會を與えるのである。

それは、過去における成果を檢討し、來るべき十二カ月のために吾々の目標を定めさせる時である。

このクリスマス季節に對し私は、いたるところのカナダ人すべてに、心からなる御慶を申し送りたい。

共通福利の爲に

全米日系市民連盟會長　西川ローイ

恐らく世界中で、米加兩國の國民ほど多くの共通點を持つているものはないであろう。この二カ國間の傳統的な友情と調和は、あまねく知られているところである。ここに說くまでもないことである。

日系カナダ人と日系アメリカ人は、この一般的な善意と理解を分け合つて居るばかりでなく、人種的運命、過去における差別的待遇や機會の缺如や强制的立退きなど、他の共通の問題でもつながりを持つて來たのである。

今日、日系アメリカ人は米國市民として未曾有の高い標準を享受しているのであるが、全米日系市民連盟が要求して來た主要立法の通過により、吾々が第一のスローガンとしてかかげた「協力一致を通して保障を」は、今や生きてきた事實となつて來たのである。

日系カナダ人もまた、カナダの社會に受け入れられる新らしい足場と、尊敬と、そして新らしい機會に惠まれていると想う。

われわれ全米日系市民連盟は第二のスローガンとして「大米國內における、より良きアメリカ人となれ」を掲げている。このスローガンは、將來吾々に一段の努力を拂うために拍車をかけるであろう。そして私は、日系カナダ人も、彼等が直面するであろう特殊な問題に對し、又吾々米加の日系人が共通の福祉を守り、これを增進するために必要なる處置をとらねばならぬことに對し、常に注意されているだろうことを信ずるものである。

勅題

青葉會同人

東雲に五彩を染めて初日影　[illegible]
靈峰の雲美しや初日影　[illegible]
航海に雲の美觀や初御空　[illegible]
瑞雲の棚びく朝の淑氣哉　[illegible]
曙の雲に輝く初明り　[illegible]
初日の出白雲かかるみねの上　[illegible]
さし昇る錦の雲に初日かな　[illegible]
初東風や山を離れた流れ雲　[illegible]

櫻も萌もカナダに [illegible]
うるわしく [illegible]
二世の將來
色あせて言葉の如く [illegible]
かへる大志を遂げし大 [illegible]
のパイオニヤ
一葉づつ散りゆくに似て
一世の代も過ぎゆかむ [illegible]
き將來
それぞれに義務を持ちて
花咲かす今は吾等の [illegible]
もなく
我等の子孫が [illegible]
ゆくこのカナダの土とな [illegible]
り愛は [illegible]
わが植えしリンゴに [illegible]
の全は [illegible]
若枝いたわる

御題「雲」

トロント　中野千豊

（訪日機上より富士を望む）
思はずも叫びあげけり富士の嶺　雲海はるかに見えそめしとき

御題　新年三ツの物

小林 [illegible]

東雲に五彩を染めて [illegible]
言葉正しき友の [illegible]
ロケットも [illegible]
れや

御題　短歌

移り來てカナダに [illegible]
年雲のゆき [illegible]
遠方の雲も [illegible]
光りのぞける今 [illegible]
朝な夕な [illegible]
懸いをよする [illegible]
御目 [illegible] 雲を [illegible]
太平洋の空にてりはゆ [illegible]

自賀八十歳になりて
八十の春を迎へてかく [illegible]
くと晴れしくもあり [illegible]
もある

A MERRY CHRISTMAS & A HAPPY NEW YEAR

CHARDON LUMBER CO. LTD.,
P.O. BOX 358, REVELSTOKE, B.C.
TEL. 3256—REVELSTOKE, B.C.

SALMON ARM LUMBER & TIMBER CO. LTD.,
P.O. BOX 190, SALMON ARM, B.C.
TEL. 94 & 325—SALMON ARM, B.C.

謹賀新年

經營者側
中村長助
小川幸之進
デ・マクドナルド
中村浄
小川進
オフィス
ビル岡田
クララ小川
ケー・小川
エッチ・サグデン
アイ・アンダソン
外就働者一同

恭賀新年

經營者側
中村長助
小川幸之進
ドン・モリソン
小川進
シッパー
ジョージ坂本
建築
チャレー細川
外就働者一同

謹賀新年

和洋食糧品一切
並に生菓子製造

小林商店

小林ローイ
豊子
純一
上杉幸男
吉田榮子

KOBY'S GENERAL STORE
371 E. Hastings St., Vancouver 4, B.C.
Res. 241 West 46th Ave.
Phone EM. 4183—PA. 1811

謹賀新年

代理 及川ジョージ

Boultbee Sweet & Co., Ltd.
1007 West 25th Ave.,
Vancouver 9, B.C.

謹賀新年

カムループス日本語學校
維持會
母姉會

謹賀新年

湊敬二
薫
貞夫
晴夫
和佳

K. M. S. Sawmills Ltd.

KEIJI MINATO & SONS
KAORU, SADAO, HARRY & DICK

P.O. Box 100
100 Mile House
B.C.

P.O. Box 100
Forest Grove
B.C.

Phone FOREST GROVE 8-R

Season's Greetings

IMPORTER AND EXPORTER

S. Nishizawa & Co., Ltd.

755 POWELL STREET, VANCOUVER, B.C.

謹賀新年

本年も倍舊の御引立の程
御願い申し上げます

西澤商會

食料雜貨直輸入卸商
晩市パウエル街七五五
電話 TA 九九四四－〇七五三

Season's Greetings

CLEVER MAID INC., SKIRT-CRAFT LTD.

282 Lagauchetiere E., MONTREAL, P.Q.

下高原虎龍 Toraryu SHIMOTAKAHARA
小山和彦 KAZUHIKO OYAMA
山本富雄 TOMIO YAMAMOTO
山本信男 NOBUO YAMAMOTO
新小田久子 HISAKO SHINKODA

祝クリスマス

一九五八年一月一日

ジャッキス カフェーショップ

田尻元雄
同 美惠
同 雄一
他店員一同

JACK'S COFFEE SHOP,
3rd Avenue & 13th St. S. Lethbridge, Alta.
Phone FA. 7-5363

謹賀新年

謹賀新年

日加通商懇話會西部會

海外貨物檢査株式會社
エイ・イトウ商事會社
ウエスコ エイジエンシー商會
トランス パシフィツク商事會社
日加オーバシースエジエンシ株式會社
第一物産株式會社
淺野物産株式會社
三井船舶株式會社
岸本商店株式會社
三菱商事株式會社
伊藤忠商事株式會社
日綿實業株式會社
ジエトロ晩市駐在員
(順序不同)

忌中につき年末年始の禮を缺きます。

村上勝頼
君子
岡野末幸

K. MURAKAMI
JAMES OKANO,
Box 65, Ganges, B.C.

祝聖誕 謹賀新年

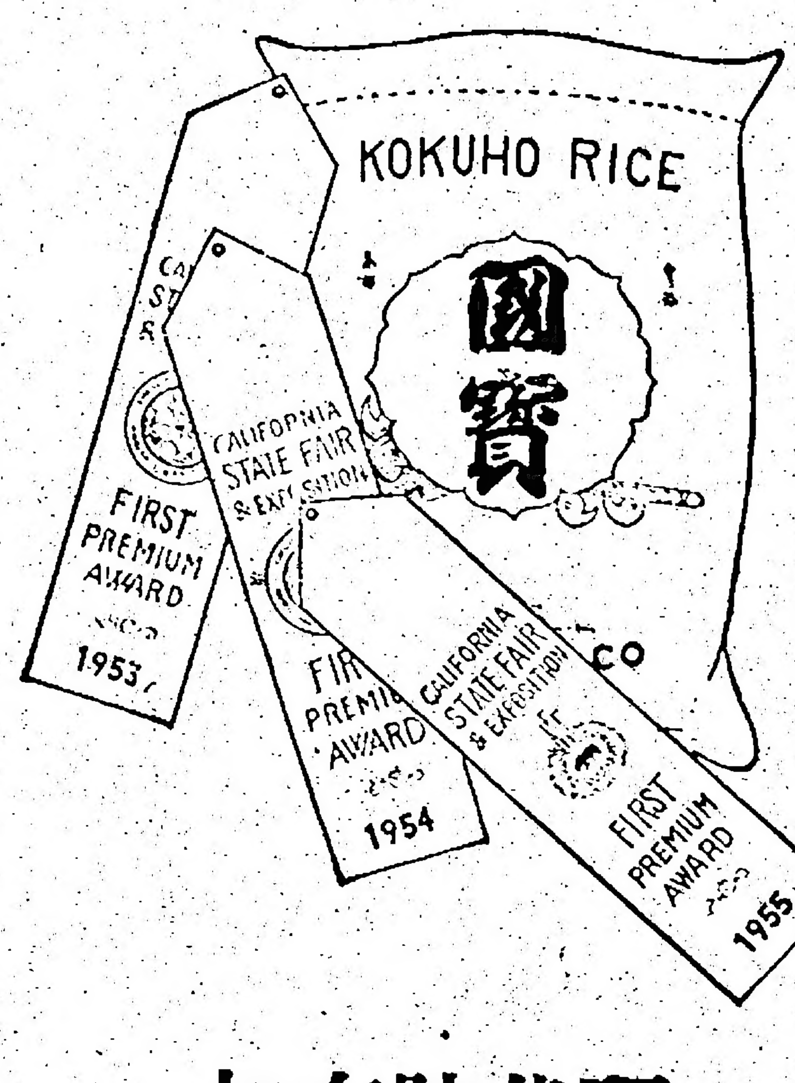
オカナガン日系人合同教會
牧師 樺山純
ミス・ボック

謹賀新年

舊年中の御愛顧を深謝し、本年も倍舊の御引立を乞う

Season's Greetings

R. NAKAGAMA CO. LTD.,



加奈陀代理
特約店

一九五八年一月一日

蒲ぼこ、薩摩揚製造販賣業並にアパートメント業
日本雜貨、食料品一切直輸入業

中釜商店

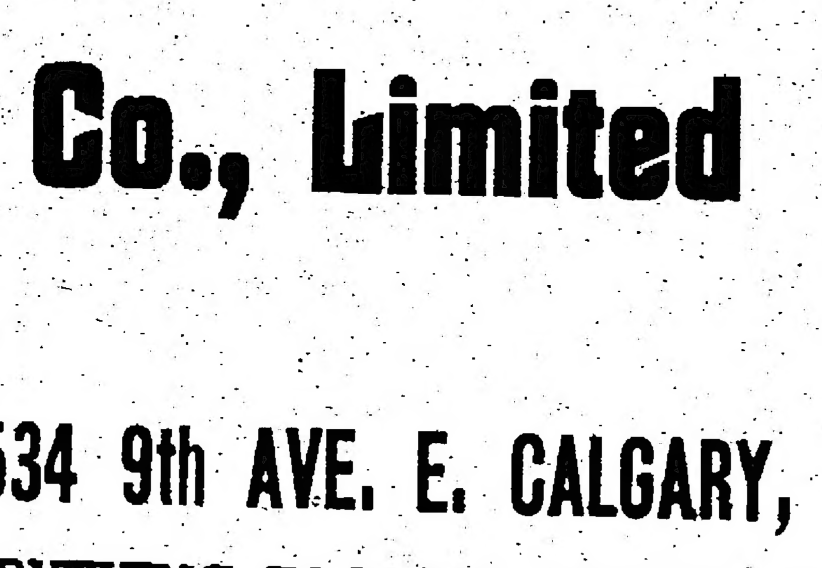
322—2nd Ave., S. Lethbridge, Alta.
Phone FA. 7-5337

Season's Greetings

Bridge Brand Produce Co., Limited

532-534 9th AVE. E. CALGARY, ALBERTA,

EVERYTHING IN FRUIT, VEGETABLES AND POTATOES OUR SPECIALTY



PRESIDENT	F. M. TAMAGI
VICE PRESIDENT	JAMES TAMAGI
SECRETARY TREASURER	FRED TAMAGI

PHONE AM. 6-4415 A.M. 6-3921
AM. 6-4000 AM. 9-1000

各位の格別なる御愛顧と従業員一同の協力下に社運益々隆盛を加え、年間取引額は百二十五万弗を超え、社屋狭隘の結果、昨年は約四十万弗を費して増築、従業員も二十数名にふやし、十二臺のトラツクを以て益々業務多端、勵んでおりますことを年頭に當り感謝申上げます。今後ともよろしく御援顧賜りたく御挨拶をかねお願い申上げます。

株式會社 玉城商會

社長 玉城
副社長 玉城榮一
支配人 玉城
社員一同

THE CONTINENTAL FAMILY CO-OP, 618 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont.

THE MONARCH LIFE ASSURANCE, 59 Oxford St., Hamilton, Ont. Phone JA. 7-1960

家族一同

7190 Papineau, Montreal, P.Q.

48 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont. TEL. EM. 6-7140

祝聖誕 謹賀新年

クラブ・フエニックス

會長 堀清司
議長 沓掛ケン
指導部長 中村眞生
會計 井上明治郎
幹事 林正次
藤田豊
委員 西川マス 岩田ジョージ
山田ラリー 今村バーバラ
瀧本スー 村上ナンシー

99 BRUNSWICH AVE., TORONTO
Phone WA. 2-5468

謹賀新年

トロント曙俳句會

謹賀新年

昨年中は一方ならぬ御愛顧に預り有りがたう存じました
尚、本年もどうか倍舊の御引立を御願い申上げます

大陸家庭消費組合

林英一
佐藤新吾
角川義一
前出功
佐藤正子

THE CONTINENTAL FAMILY CO-OP.,
618 Dundas St. W. Toronto, Ont.

祝聖誕 賀新年

辯護士 大家一夫

2 College St., Toronto, Ont.

祝聖誕 賀新年

辯護士 鬼塚敏三

229 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

賀正

トロント佛教會

護法會
婦人會 サンガー
青年會 日曜學校
少年會
開教使 辻顯隆
補教士一同

TORONTO BUDDHIST CHURCH,
918 BATHURST ST., TORONTO, ONT.

賀正

一月一日

東京銀行トロント出張員事務所

小澤將邦

祝聖誕 賀新年

モナーク生命保險會社代理

後藤金平
家族一同

THE MONARCH LIFE ASSURANCE
59 Oxford St., Hamilton, Ont.

Season's Greetings

JAPANESE UNITED CHURCH
TORONTO

WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION, WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOC.,
WOMEN'S AFTERNOON FELLOWSHIP, AOTS MEN'S SOC.,
MARRIED COUPLE FELLOWSHIP, YOUNG ADULTS
YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION

701 DOVERCOURT RD., TORONTO, ONT.

祝聖誕 謹賀新年

「神が御子を世につかわされたのは、世をさばくためではなく、御子によつてこの世が救われるためである
（ヨハネ傳三ー十七）

キリスト御降誕の目的である「救い」が全同胞の間に、また全世界の人々の間に實現するように祈つてやみません

トロント市ドーヴアコート街七〇一

日系人合同教會

婦人會　男子會
婦人傳道會　婦人斐友會
二世成年會　二世青年會
二世夫婦會

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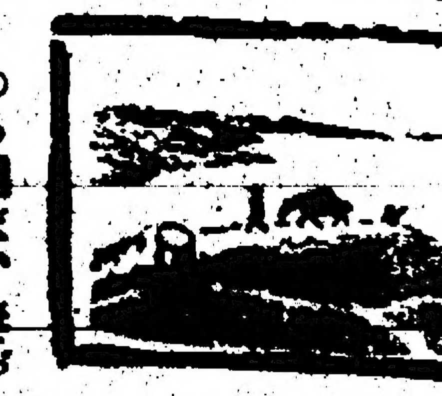
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随筆

郷愁

八島太郎

ある週末、妻が「ウジョウ」という日本映畫がかゝっているそうだというので、わたしは、「蜘蛛巣城」や「雨月」とこんがらせて、「雨城」というのがあるのかなとでかけてみた。映畫館にはいると、潮来出島の水郷に棹す土地の人の姿があって、「枯すゝき」の唄がながれていたので、野口雨情の傳記だと氣がついた。

この「雨情」を、はじめからみなおすと、冒頭に、これは傳記ではないとことわつてある。傳記というのではなく、雨情の生きた事情と雨情の生き方に取材して大正から昭和のはじめへと風靡した雨情小唄を、あらためて味わわせようと企劃したものらしい。森繁という流行兒が主演し、ひとりで唄つた。

昭和初頭のあとさきといえば、わたしたちが少年から青年になつた時期であり、つよく作用はされはしたが今は忘却しきつていた小唄を、思いもかけずつぎつぎときくのはなつかしいかぎりであつた。作用されたといつても、「山は高いし野はただ廣し」、「青い目の人形」、「しよしよしよじよ寺」、「雨ふりお月さん」、「からすからすなぜ啼くの」等がみんな雨情作であるのも知らず、小唄の背景も知らず、作曲家中山晉平や歌人石川啄木との親交についても知らなかつた。それだけに、なつかしさには一入のものがあつたのである。

この映畫ののち、よびおこされた小唄は、何かにつけて口をついでた。同時代に生育した元吉君も、おたがいに屬する連盟展に作品を運轉するゆきかえりに、感動した場面をつぎつぎとかたり、どうにかしてレコードを手にいれるんだと力んでいた。わたしは、米國的土壌にうつしかえられ根を伸ばしきれないまゝで異種となりかけている植物が、むかしの土壌の匂いをかがされた現象かと思い、それとなく、尺八、詩吟、長唄の類にわたる日系人のとくべつな嗜好性にも思いおよんだりした。

おりから、年例の書籍祭の時期にあり、わたしは時としては百哩かなたの圖書館や學校にも運轉してゆかねばならなかつたが、氣がついてみるとまたしても忘却の小唄を口にしていた。

雨情は、貞節であるが、封建的支配の傳統をまもりぬこうとする妻からのがれて、一切をかなぐりすてた自由な彷徨をもとめた。彷徨をまねいているものは、同村漁師の娘で藝者となつて轉轉としているおかよさんへの思慕であつた。現實のなかでの生活能力のなさはあたらしい結婚で實現するものとならず、彷徨は家にのこした幼兒への思慕にひきもどされ、出奔と歸省とはやむことなく繰りかえされたかにみえる。雨情の小唄は、人間を戀う卒直さと優さしさにつらぬかれているが、その愛情は感傷と寂寥にじつとりと裏うちされている。ここにあるのは封建的社會のきづなから脱そうとする人間性、資本主義社會の末期的腐敗に墮すまいとする人間性——この矛盾したふたつの人間性の瞬時的な調和ともいわようか。

忘却の唄をよびおこすことは、同時に、忘却の青春を手繰ることでもあつた。戀らしい戀もしらずして、戰爭と失業の現實をまえにして青年になつたばかりのわたしたちは、雨情の唄に同感と自慰とをみいだしたのである。だが、また、激動の現實に生きてゆかねばならない青年らしい衝動と潔癖さとをもつて、これらの小唄と訣別した日があつたのも、はつとするようないぢらしい過去として思いだされてくるのである。

渡米したての紙谷女史によると雨情は戰後まで生存したのだという。詩人の長生におどろくというよりも、瞬時的な調和をうしなつておそらくは諦觀のなかで二度と唄うことのなかつた詩人の長生は、その人の小唄への訣別を出發點としたじぶんたちの半生と對蹠的であることをかんがえさせた。激動の現實のなかに眞實をもとめて素手のまゝでとびこんで行つた新しい世代は、それ故に、限界された詩人の手にすることのできなかつた生きるよろこびに觸れることができたのだといえないであろうか。

映畫批評がこの一文の目的ではないが、この「雨情」には、戰時から戰後へとさらに深刻化されているともいえる腐敗への抵抗として、今よりは美しかつた「過去」にくむべく意圖されたのであろうか。木下惠介の「野菊のごとき君なりき」の傾向もあると思われるが、鄕愁が不氣力な懷古趣味におちこむかおちこまないかは、今日を生きる力をいかに强めるか强めないかにかゝつていることであろう。

名前—表札

遠藤多美子

再び冬の社交シーズンを迎えパーターも多くなる時節柄、私にとつて頭痛の種は、言葉の問題もさることながら、種々の國の人々の名前を覺える事の困難さである。紹介されて一度で覺え、次に會つた時直ぐに挨拶と共に相手の名前を言えるのは極くまれなことである。これに反し白人の方は餘程難かしい發音でない限り簡單に覺えてしまい、殊に我々の樣に單純な發音のものは誰にでもすぐ親しげに呼びかけられ、それだけ今更相手の名前を聞き返す勇氣も挫け、會話の間中あでもないこうでもないと餘計な心配をつづけねばならず洵に憂欝である。

勿論これは私の覺えの惡さに依るものであろうが、大体に於て日本人は他人の名前を覺えることに不得手であるということを、先日來訪された英語の達人、千葉アメリカ局長でさえ漏らして居られ、幾分かは安心したのであつたが、千葉氏の言われる通りこれは我々の育つた風習に依るものでもあろう。白人は必らず相手の名前を言つて挨拶や受け答えをするのに反し日本人は呼びかけですら「あの」とか「ちよつと」で濟ませてしまう。小さい時から女の人はオバサマ、男の人に對してはオヂサマで用が足り、犬や猫の居る家の人には犬猫の名前をつけて「レロんち(の家)のオバチャン」等となり、決して正確な名前を呼ぼうとしない。長じて後も、親しくない限り男の人達は、長上に對しては先生、又は職業の地位名を以つて呼び、結婚した女はすべて奥様々々で通してしまうのである。そして此のことが、他人の名前を覺えにくくさせる原因の一つであろうと思われる。

×

右の事に關連していつも思うのだが、この國に表札というものがないのは、日本から來た我々には實に不便なことが多い。表札ごときものは無くとも、番地が規則正しく並んでいるので間違いはないのだろうが、番地を忘れた場合、同じ樣な家並の中で目的の家を探すのは洵に困難である。何時であつたか、番地を間違えて覺えて行き、向側の家へ入ろうとしたところを呼びとめられ、辛うじて恥をさらさずに濟んだこともあつた。又、同じノレナデイア・ガーデンスではあるが、番地の無い手紙が間違つて飛び込んで來て、その主を探すために電話帳を調べるということもある。家の出入りに顔を合せれば挨拶位はするのだが、近所の人々の名前も分らず、徹底した個人主義で、うるさくないと言えばそれまでだが、表札位出して置いてくれてもよさそうにと、何となくソッケない氣がせぬでもない。

「父母」のいわれ

北川傳一郎

まず「母」という字を考えてみると實に面白い。字の構成からいうと、女という文字のなかに「ヽ」が二つ打たれている。この「ヽ」に二つ意味がある。これは女性の乳房を表わすものであるが、女の身体から乳が出たとき、すなわち母なのである。乳が出ることは子供を生むことである。

そこで、ちよつと見ても女偏の字が實に澤山にある。まず好、姉妹、娘、嫁、姑などが上り浮び出す。字から考えてみても、姑などは上手に學者があてている。嫁と姑がとかく圓滿にいかないのも文字が現わしているようだ。

「母」という字を解釋してみると「いつも」とか「かわらない」といつた意味にもとれるそうである。「海」という字は水を書いて毎をつくりとしてい。毎日の毎も母の字を書いている。いつも水があり、變りなく同じ日があるから毎日なのである。

「苺」(イチゴ)という字は草カンムリに母の字をつけている。イチゴはフルーツ類でも相當に手入れしなければならないところからイチゴ百姓なり、學者達によつてながい年月のうちに母の字をつけることになつたものといわれる。

このように考えてくると母は家のまわり、子供の[illegible]てには毎日かわりなく[illegible]にあつて仕事をつづけ、[illegible]の中に女性があり、女が[illegible]れば心配がないから「安[illegible]」だというので「安」の字が[illegible]生れたそうだ。子供が[illegible]から歸つて「唯今」という[illegible]に「お歸りなさい」と[illegible]が返事すると、子供たちは安心してまた遊びに出る。

次に「父」の字を調べてみよう。「人」という字の上に「ヽ」が二つ書いてある。この「ヽ」に意味がある。農夫なり樵人が肩にクワなりオノをかついで、[illegible]や山に出て行く姿を表わしたものだという。結婚して子供が生れる。一家の生活[illegible]擔はすなわち父なのである。照る日も雨の日も[illegible]なく山畑に出て眞剣に働き、一家の衣食住の責任をになうのが父なのである。すなわち男性の中心は社會をつくり、歴史をつくつたものである。

私はいつも家の[illegible]育に[illegible]心を持つているが、子供を一人前に育てるのは容易ではない。一世が[illegible]でよくも今日まで苦心したのが思い出されて來る。[illegible]ば凡人によつて人間の內容は全く違う。また[illegible]育てによつては[illegible]しい人、温かい人、行き届いた人、粗暴な人などが出る。

戰後、日系二世が各方面に進出してよい成績を擧げつつあるのも、その裏には實に尊い親達の努力があつたことを忘れてはならないだろう。

日系人生活の倫理

土　里　庵

最近日本の雑誌などに倫理觀念の變革が盛んに論じられて居るのを讀むと、他人の事でなく、カナダの日系人にも當はめて考えて見る必要を感じるのである。

吾々一世の多くは、日本の傳統的な倫理觀を受け繼いで、義理人情を重んじた外面倫理を其のままカナダに持って來たのであるが、先ず日系人間の生活では左程不自然も感じなかったし、戰前の日系社會は一世の支配する處で、日本的な考え方の延長と言った感があった。だが然し、この特殊な社會からカナダ人間に一歩を踏み出す時、そこには基本的に出發點を異にした内面倫理的な西洋人の社會が存在し、人情の發露には東西の區別はないとしても、この倫理觀の相違が時折、行動の上に不可解な喰い違いを起したこともあった。例えば外面的な謙譲は内面の不遜を秘する場合もあるが、内面的な謙譲にそれはない。内面的に當然の態度であつても外面謙譲を期待する側にとってそれは不遜に映じるのである。日本の倫理觀が外面的に他との調和を重んじて、自我の抹殺をも敢て辭さなかったに反し、西洋では自己を生かす事が第一義的に考えられて内面的な自らの信條が實踐倫理の據點である。日本は敗戰と共に外部から民主的政治機構を押しつけられて、同時にこれに伴う思想的改革が行われたが、それらは大衆の自覺と要望と努力によって實現したものでなく、他動的に上層部から行われた結果、十數年後の今日、大衆の倫理觀に動搖を來して居るのであろう。

日系カナダ人の倫理的推移は、他動的であっても、それが極く自然に環境の浸透作用によって大きな役割を演じたのはキリスト教會の傳道と勞働組合運動である。その間、二世達は學業を通じて民主思想の倫理觀によって教育されて來た。私がカナダの小學校に入って最も深く記憶に殘って居るのは、チャールス一世が少年の頃、同年配のクロムウェルに撲られて鼻血を出した話である。多少でも日本の修身を學んだ私にこの出來事は相當のショックを與えたのである。クロムウェルは、のち議會政治の創となつた人であつたから、この話は私に多くの考ねるべき糸口を與えてくれたが、日本を知らない二世達は恐らく何の感動もなく自然の出來事として看過したであろう。一世二世の考え方の相違はこんな所にもある。

個人の權利を尊重する倫理觀の半面には對外的な責任觀の伴[illegible]る。個人の自由は自律を意味するもので、自律なきところに自由はない。責任觀なき個人主義は利己主義である。

一世二世の思想的倫理的間隙が最も露骨に現われたのは再定住當時であった。二世達の經濟的獨立に伴って彼等に潛在していた倫理觀は行動の上に表われ、一世として肯定し得ない幾多の出來事が話題に上ったものだが、時の流れは双方の傷口を癒やして調和の境地をつくり出したものであろうが、先ず喜ばしいことである。

最近トロント佛教會で、内陣購入の件について老若信者間の意見對立を耳にしたが、結局購入決定で圓滿解決を見たときいている。老信徒にとって内陣は信仰對照の一部であって外面部的に形を整える上から購入を主張したのは當然である然し二世信徒の信仰は内面的精神生活に重點を置いていて外面形式から獨立した自由さを持っているであろうことも肯定できるのである。これら二世信徒の信仰態度は、カナダ佛教の將來に一つの方向を與えるものである。

日系生活の中心は、二世の世代となつて倫理的傾向もまたこれに並行し、カナダ人社會への合流は自然現象として一世もまたこれを容認して居るが、民主的社會必ずしも完全なものではない。ここ數年間に亘って論議研究された青少年不良化の問題にしても、遺傳説、經濟環境説等種々その原因が究明された結果、不良兒發生の最大起因は家庭の崩壊に在る事が實證された。家庭及び家族の親愛感は、人間原始感情への逆行であると唱える人も居るが、現在の吾々は家庭及び家族を無視し得る程度の成人過程に達していないと思う。まして日本の家族制度の下に育った一世にとって、家族の別居は心さびしいであろうが、成人した子供達の行動は人間向上の一道程として自由であるべきである。

このさびしさは日系人に限らず人類共通のもので、私の識る或るカナダ人夫妻は、一カ月一回、家族揃っての會食を家憲の如くにしていた。その日ともなれば獨立別居した息子達、嫁いで行った娘達が各々子供を連れて兩親の家に歸って來て、靜かであった其の家は滿潮の如く騷音を立てるのである。やがて晝食を終って午後のお茶の出る頃になると一人二人と歸って行き家はもとの靜けさに返って孫達と遊び疲れた老夫妻の顔には其の日の歡びが輝いていた。

こうした集いは多くの日系家庭にも行われて居る。それを周期的に繼續するには、お互に種々な意味での自律と犠牲を必要とするのである。だが現在各自の生活に温かさと強さと幅を與え、一世二世三世の繋りに大きな影響を及ぼす點において多少の犠牲は償って餘りあるものと信じている。

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カナデアン

クリスマス
新年特別號
（第一部）

南オンタリオに實った米

カンバー　中島顧造

時は一九五六年一月一日の午後、場所はトロント市の日本領事公邸。大廣間は多勢の祝賀客で充ち、吉田領事、内田副領事両夫妻は應接に忙しそうだつた。來訪者の殆んどはビーシー時代の舊知ばかりで祝賀交歓を進める懐舊談でにぎわつていた。この喜びの中で私は、トロントの古屋貿易の坂本秀雄氏に會い快談を交わしたのである。

「近年のカナダ食料市場の統計でみると、米の需要が激増して來ました。米食は日系人のみでなく、白人間の米食者も年々増加し、穀物の主要食料の一つになりつつあります。實は近々のうちに日本からモミ種子が到着することになつていますが、幸いあなたが南オンタリオで農業をして居られるので、その温暖の土地で米の試作をやつて貰いたいと思うのですが……」と坂本氏は目出たい米作りについて話を始められた。

私は考えた。カナダ農業の歴史に未だ曾て米作を試みたという話をきかない。私はしばし目を閉じた。その瞬間に靈的の指示があつた。私の心は決まつた。

元旦早々から目出たいお米の話を承わる。「宜しい、引き受けます。私のベストを盡して努力してみます」と私は坂本氏に約束した。

田舎に歸つた私は、モミ種子の到着を待つた。三月と四月の二回に、種子は私の手許に安着した。青森縣産「農林第一九號」（うるち米）と岩手縣産「農林第一二號」（もち米）の二種類である。久しぶりに見るモミ種子！私は兩手にすくい上げた。そして祈つた。「神様、この美しいモミ種子が新らしくカナダの土地に芽生え育ち、秋には豊かな實りを與えたまえ。」



カナダ産米『第一號』
75% 結實したモミはこの寫眞の 22/3 倍の大きさ

早速播種に着手した。勿論双方とも陸稲（おかぼ）即ち畑に作る種類である。四條一度にまく播種機を用いて約四分の一エーカーほどまいた。幸い好きうるおいを得て、モミは發芽をはじめた。私の豫想以上の健やかな姿で、青々と芽ばえてくれたのである。

私は毎朝のように、この青く育ち行く稲畑に足を運び、伸び行く若稲の葉を撫でたものである。夏を過ぎ秋も近い八月の末頃、稲は二尺位に伸びて來た。

今朝もまた早く、露を踏み分けて稲畑を見廻つた私は、稲が筆を巻いているのを發見したのである。その時の嬉しさ、愉快さは、飛び上るほどであつた。それからは一層力を得て、毎日これを見守つた。二、三日後には、筆を巻いた稲は初穂となつて上りはじめた。私は、しめた！と心の中で叫んだ。一日一日と穂は上り揃つて花をつけて來た。私は天に向つて祈つた。

「神様、あなたが育つて下さつた稲が花を持ちました。秋には豊かな實を結びますように、適當の天候を與えたまえ。」

されど私の祈りは天にとどかなかつたのである。九月中旬末の花盛りに、一朝大きな霜が降りて、咲いている稲の花を全滅させてしまつた。試作第一年の米はこれで終りを告げた。

×

一九五七年の春を迎えた私は、去年の殘りのモミ種子を取り出して、昨年と同じように、うるち米ともち米を四分の一エーカーほど播いた。昨年の經驗で十分の自信を持つようにはなつたが、天候だけは人間の力では如何ともすることが出來ない。人事を盡して天命を待つ、というあの氣持で

「私は私のベストをつくしますから、神様、願わくば米作に適する天候を與えたまえ」と祈りつづけた。

播いたモミ種子から「うるち米」の方は昨年同様元氣な發芽をしたが、もち米の方は全然芽を出さない。直ちに第二回目をまいたが、これも失敗に終つた。從つて今年とれたのは「うるち米」だけで、お正月に餅をつけないのが殘念である。

芽ばえた「うるち米」の方は勢いよく育ち、八月末には稲として筆をまきはじめた。九月に入り稲の穂は揃つて花をつけ、實にたくましい發育ぶりである。試みにモミの中を調べてみたら白いミルクを見ることが出來た。私は驚いて飛び上つた。嬉しくてうれしくてたまらなかつた。直ちにひざまずいてストロー・ハットをとり、神様に感謝の祈りを捧げた。

九月末に稲は穂を垂れ始めた。白いミルクは結實して、お米になりつつあるのである。この大切な時に霜に見まわれては万事休すである。が、成り行きは天の神様にお委せした。幸いにして今年は十月中降霜を見ず稲は七五パーセント位の實を結んで、ここにカナダ産米の第一號が生れて來たのである。私はこれを來年のモミ種子にすることにきめている。カナダで實を結んだ種子をカナダの土地にまけば一層の好成績を擧げ得る筈であるから、この點だけでも頼もしい。

施肥は化學肥料を用いたが、出來るだけ肥えた、雑草の少い畑に、なるべく早く播いて霜害を避けたいと思つている。私どもの農地はクレーなので、盛夏の二カ月半位は一週に一度の割でポンプで水をやつた。

米作には氣温の點が[illegible]であるが、カナダで[illegible]する場合、適當な土[illegible]つぱり南オンタリオ[illegible]であろう。[illegible]盛りに九十度、百度[illegible]が昇るところは、カナ[illegible]る所にあるが、[illegible]からの夜[illegible]では南オンタリオだけ[illegible]夏の夜と[illegible]飛ぶし、西瓜も[illegible]る。五大湖に[illegible]ンタリオは、日本[illegible]氣に濕氣が多く、[illegible]氣溫は下らず、[illegible]眠らず連續的に生[illegible]を續けられるの[illegible]から、ハールトン[illegible]諒同氏が、[illegible]信州高原[illegible]を廣いたので、[illegible]も適當に[illegible]作してみた[illegible]思つている。

身邊雑感

遠藤又男

○早いものでトロントに着任してからもう一年以上になるが、やつとここの生活にも馴じんで事情が解るようになつた氣がする。本格的な仕事が出來るのは今からであると思つている。

○時々雪空を眺めては郷里東北の荒涼たる冬を思い出す。東北は、寒さの點では當地に及ばないにしても日本では北海道に次で二番目の北國であるが、防寒設備は實に貧弱であつた。（恐らく今でも大して改善されてはいないであろう）寒さに堪えることが美徳とされて、能率は軽視されていたように思う。當地の恵まれた設備を思い合せて感慨一入である。

○カナダの人達が寛大で親切で公平であることを常に感じている。特に日本人なるが故に偏見に接したことはなく、却つて大事にされている程である。これは一に、日系人全般が當地社會で信用を得ているその御陰を蒙つていることと思つて感謝に堪えない。

○一世の方々とはかなりお附きあいして來た積りであるが、今後は二世、三世の人達とも廣く接觸して行きたいと考えている。これらの人達が將來日加兩國の懸け橋となる存在であることを信じて、大きな期待を懸けている。何しろこれらの人達は、概ね、實に善良で大らかである。のびのびと育つて偏狹な利己心を持つていない。カナダの洋々たる前途に相應わしい人柄であると思う。戰後日本の實情と對比しながら考えさせられること切實である。

○ナショナル・ゼーシーシーエーの本部がトロントに移り、新しい役員の顔觸れも決つた機會に、愈々活潑な活動を展開することを期待している。これについて感じているのであるが、私が知り合つた二世の人は大体ゼーシーシーエー關係者とゴルフ關係者が多いが、この兩者はどうも別々に離れているような印象を受ける。これが間違つた印象であることを祈るが、第三者の潜越な希望を申し述べれば、相互もつと緊密な關係を保つてくれればいいと思う。

○來年は廣く國内を旅行して、具さに各地の人情風景を探り見聞を廣めたいと思つている。日系人各位をも出來るだけ訪問する積りである。

○英語の世界に住んでいると漢字に對する愛着が一層強くなる。中國との關係が割に深かつたためかもしれぬが、不思議なものである。最近は今關天彭先生主宰の漢詩月刊誌『雅友』が送られて來るのを樂しみにまつている。

○今年は心から尊敬していた石渡信太郎翁夫妻を喪つて寂寥を禁じ得ない。同翁は、我が母校仙臺二高（舊制）草創の頃の卒業生で、日本石炭界の大御所であられ、武士的バックボーンを持つた氣宇廣大な近代的實業家であり、明治時代のよさを典型的に具えた方であつたと思う。（昭和初年に[illegible]壞疽の大患のため隠退されたので、世間的にはそう有名ではなかつたかもしれない）我々にとつては[illegible]ート[illegible]創立の大[illegible]であり、我々は[illegible]に温い面も[illegible]しさの[illegible]化は[illegible]を受けて[illegible]と思つている。昨年十[illegible]田出[illegible]日前、[illegible]に[illegible]上し、[illegible]學以來の[illegible]友井上[illegible]を[illegible]えてカナダの[illegible]のが最後となつた。今[illegible]好匹をうたわれた夫人[illegible]逝き、次で夏にはこの[illegible]の白[illegible]夫妻[illegible]つて、[illegible]天地空虚の[illegible]を[illegible]得なかつた。[illegible]（東大ボートの會）を[illegible]して弔[illegible]で聞いて、何とも言え[illegible]い[illegible]しさを[illegible]えたこと[illegible]あつた。（三二・一二・一〇）